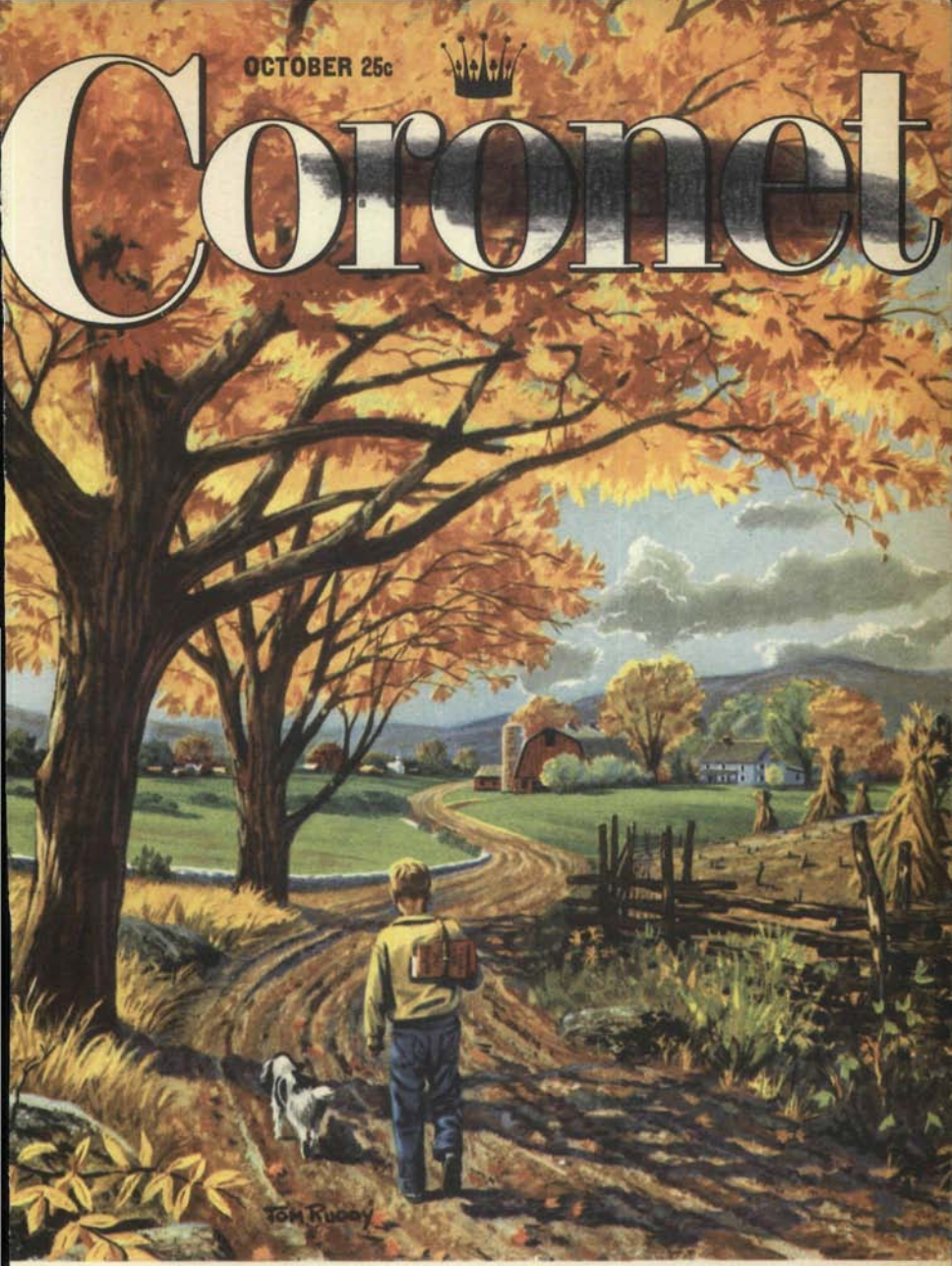
OCTOBER 25c

Coronet



How to Raise Your Child's IQ

WHAT YOUR LIFE WILL BE LIKE IN 1965

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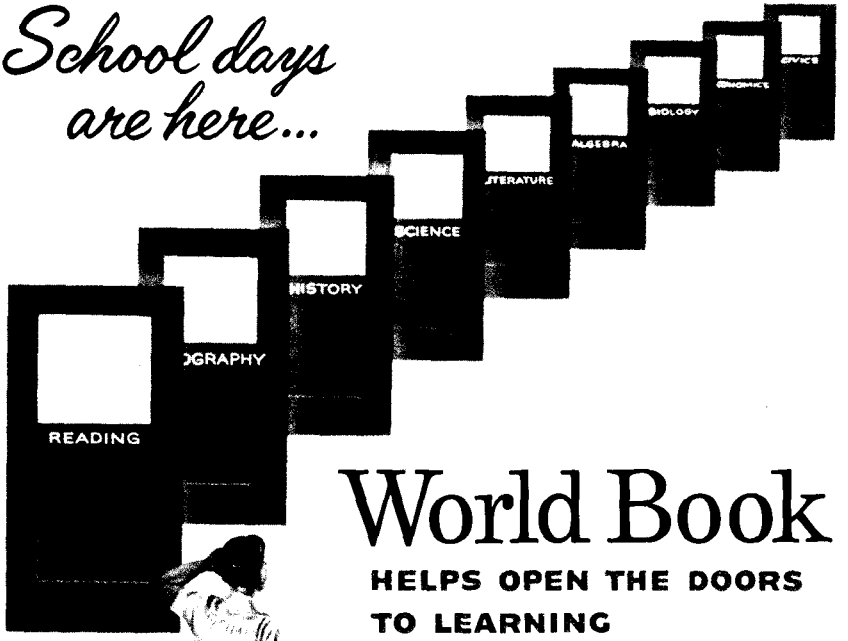
School days are here...

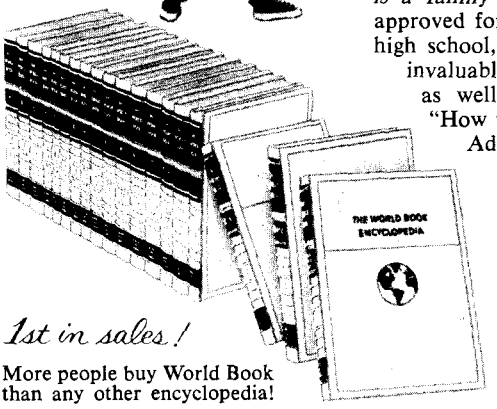


World Book

HELPS OPEN THE DOORS TO LEARNING

It seems like an endless corridor—the imposing line-up of subjects to be mastered in a student's lifetime. Right now, when your child needs it most, you can give him confidence with the World Book Encyclopedia.

Lessons come alive on its pages. Facts learned the World Book way are never forgotten. It is a family encyclopedia, recommended and approved for use in elementary school, junior high school, and high school. It provides an invaluable fund of information for adults as well. Write today for free booklet, "How to Help Your Child Win Success." Address: Mr. Ralph Reed, The World Book Encyclopedia, Dept. 180, Box 3565, Chicago 54, Illinois.



1st in sales!

More people buy World Book than any other encyclopedia!

$10 down $6 a month

19 Volumes
The Aristocrat Binding (shown) $169
The President Red Binding.....$129

FIELD ENTERPRISES, INC.
Educational Division
Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Ill.

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How I retired in 15 years with $250 a month

"It's hard to believe that I'm retired with a life income. I've never had more than my salary, never inherited a dime. Yet a check for $250 a month makes me my own boss for keeps!

"I left the office two years ago. When I explained how I was doing it, at only 55, my friends said they wished I'd told them sooner. They'd be retiring, too.

"There's only one secret. Back in 1938, when I was 40, I had saved a little money. So I went into partnership with a friend. It didn't work out. But it was a profitable investment. It showed me that there was no easy way for *me*, with *my* limited experience, to make a lot of money.

"Shortly after that, I read an advertisement of a modern way to retire. It didn't call for any great capital. It simply required fifteen or twenty working years ahead. Better than any ordinary savings method, my family was protected with life insurance from the first day I took out the plan. And the income was guaranteed each month, every month as long as I lived. The plan was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

"The ad offered more information. So I wrote in. Soon after, I applied and qualified for a Phoenix Mutual Plan. And from that day on I've felt like a rich man. Because I knew I wouldn't simply live and work and die. I had a future I'd really enjoy. And that's what I'm doing today—with many, many thanks to my Phoenix Mutual check for $250 a month that means financial independence for life."

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 a month to $3,000 a year or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

OVER 100 YEARS OF LIFE INSURANCE PROTECTION FOR BUSINESS AND FAMILIES

COPYRIGHT 1955. BY PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

PLAN FOR MEN | PLAN FOR WOMEN

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
155 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name _____

Date of Birth _____

Business Address _____

_____

Home Address _____

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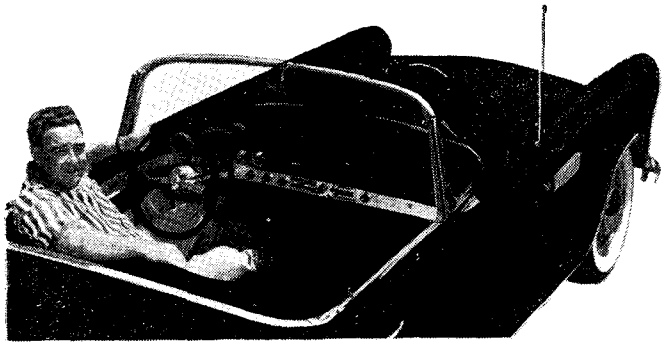
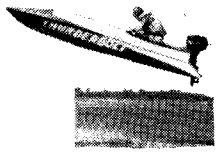


Dick Pope

owner of fabulous CYPRESS GARDENS, *Winter Haven, Florida,*

SAYS . . .



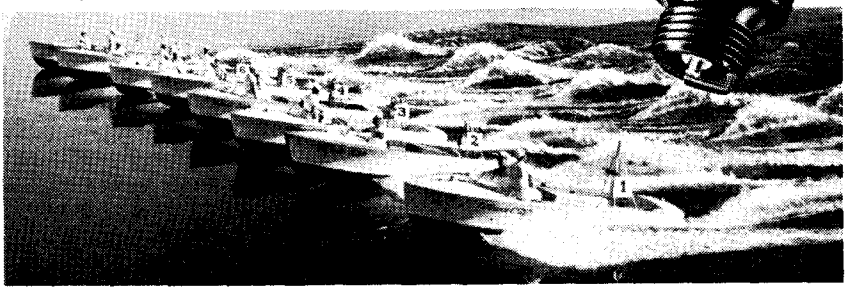
"The Flawless Performance of 5-RIB CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS Is An Absolute Must With Us."

"Water skiing is one of the world's fastest-growing and most thrilling sports," says Mr. Pope. "Many of the spectacular skiing performances seen in magazines, motion pictures and on TV originated here at Cypress Gardens.

"Flawless spark plug firing is an absolute necessity in the boats used to tow the skiers, particularly in precision formations where a "missing" engine could ruin an entire performance. Champions give our boats that reliability."

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

Champions' steady firing assures the perfect engine synchronization necessary to run these 150-H.P. boats in an even line.



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TRAVEL

South of the Border

Because Mexicans love big splashes of color and music, a day rarely passes without a fiesta *somewhere.* Yet festival and bullfight excitement can be misleading; this sunny land is permeated with a sense of peace and timelessness.

Mexico's sunsets are as varicolored as its moods. In lush resorts like Acapulco, a lazy lagoon blends with palm trees into a spectacular silhouette, and life centers around water fun: sailing, swimming, skin-diving, fishing and waterskiing.

Wandering leisurely through a street market can be an education. Native arts include handmade jewelry and silverware, pottery and bright textiles, usually fashioned from Aztec designs and with primitive centuries-old craftsmanship.

See the Coronet Family Shopper on page 179 for new advertising listings of products and services.

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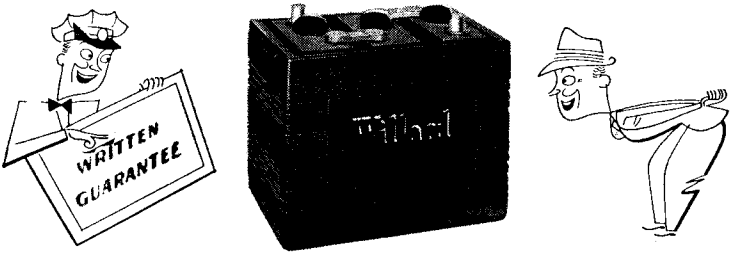
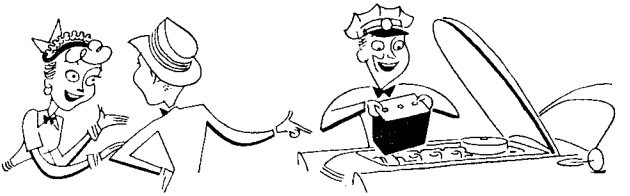
NEW LOW PRICES



GENUINE WILLARD



NOW ONLY $11.95

EXCHANGE* GROUP 1

- *Including dependable, competent service by your independent neighborhood dealer.*
- *Written guarantee, signed by your dealer, protects you anywhere in U.S. and Canada.*

METALEX—Newly patented Willard grid alloy—greatly lengthens battery life in any service. Result: Willard Batteries now GUARANTEED UP TO A FULL FOUR YEARS!

**In most areas of the U.S.*

Willard Dealers are listed in telephone directories EVERYWHERE. Look in the Yellow Pages under "Batteries".

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THE MONTH'S BEST...

TRIAL

"HELP! HELP!" a voice rings out in the black of the night on a private beach—and a Mexican boy (Rafael Campos, *above*) at the scene is held for the murder of a young girl. The town rages at lynch-heat and each person connected with the trial finds that his future might be at stake.

MGM follows its sensational "Blackboard Jungle" with another hard-hitting film, a tense story of prejudice, politics and passion in a small town.

To a man, the cast—Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy (*right*), Dorothy McGuire, Katy Jurado, John Hodiak, Juano Hernandez—deliver dynamic performances with a stunning impact.

See the Coronet Family Shopper on page 179 for new advertising listings of products and services.

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THREE TELEPHONE PIONEERS from different sections of the country are shown here. They are Robert C. Price of Williamsport, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Marguerite T. Burns, of Minneapolis, Minnesota; and Melvin F. Held of St. Louis, Missouri.

They're Telephone Pioneers

Experience and fellowship of long-term telephone men and women are important factors in good telephone service

Robert C. Price, Mrs. Marguerite T. Burns, and Melvin F. Held, shown together here, are Telephone Pioneers.

They are representative of the more than 180,000 men and women who belong to two big and important organizations in the telephone business.

These are the Telephone Pioneers of America and the Independent Telephone Pioneer Association.

These two organizations are composed of employees who have spent many years in the business, their average service being well over 21 years. About one out of every four telephone people in the Bell System and independent telephone companies in the United States and Canada is a Pioneer.

Each day the active, working Telephone Pioneers bring over 3¾ million years of "know-how" and experience to the job. Equally important is their spirit of service that is so important a part of the telephone business.

By sustaining and nourishing this spirit, they help to insure its continuance and provide a solid foundation for greater progress to come.

The fast, courteous, low-cost telephone service you enjoy today is due in no small measure to the men and women who wear the proud emblems of the Telephone Pioneers.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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GRIN AND SHARE IT

A QUAKER, disturbed over what seemed to him new and upsetting ideas, arose in meeting and said, "I have heard of an instance which shows how dangerous it is to hold unsuitable views. A young man who had lost faith went out sailing with a friend. A storm came up and the man who had lost faith was drowned." The Quaker sat down, uneasily clasping and unclasping his hands. Finally he got up again and added, "For the honor of truth, I think I should say that the other young man was drowned also."

—IRVIN & RUTH POLEY, *Friendly Anecdotes*, (Harper & Brothers)

WHEN TWO SALESMEN were introduced at a convention and one revealed he came from Buffalo, the other asked, "Do you know my friend, Jim Dinglefoodle, who lives there?"

"Don't know him," said the first salesman; but when he mentioned Buffalo later in the evening, his new acquaintance again inquired about Dinglefoodle.

As the convention broke up, the Buffalo salesman remarked, "Well it's back to Buffalo for me tonight," the other salesman asked, "Do you know my friend, Jim Dinglefoodle, who lives there?"

"Now, let me think," was the pondering reply. "That name sounds familiar." —*Wall Street Journal*

GENTLEMEN:

Recently I bought one of your so-called "1600" Angle toothbrushes. You advertise it as having "1600 tiny bristles" but I have counted only 1380, giving or taking a few.

Please send me a toothbrush with 1600 bristles, or send me 220 bristles with complete instructions for installation of same.

Very truly yours,
F____R____B

Dear Mr. B____:

Now I have discovered someone besides myself who has actually counted the bristles.

On my first few attempts, I swore that the tufts (there are 40 of them, and each one should contain an average of 40 bristles) contained only 32-38 bristles per tuft. Then I turned my steady-handed secretary loose with a pair of tweezers and a magnifying glass, and she discovered that 1600 is actually an understatement.

I can only suggest that someone on our production line might have slipped through one or two short tufts. Because of this, Mr. B____,

(Continued on page 10)

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What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

GARDOL MAKES THIS AMAZING DIFFERENCE!

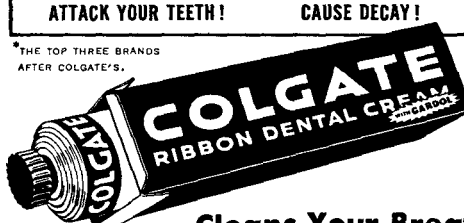
MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTHPASTE	12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS
DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!	STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria return in minutes, to form acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* *keeps on* fighting decay 12 hours or more!

So, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that lasts 12 hours *with just one brushing*. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And *at all times*, get Gardol protection in Colgate's!

No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against decay you get with Colgate Dental Cream with just one brushing!



Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

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we apologize, but we still stick to our 1600-bristle story (exceptions rare). Under separate cover, I am sending you two "1600" Angle brushes—one to use and one to count.

Yours very truly,
C. W. L——
E. R. Squibb & Sons.

♛ ♛ ♛

DOCTOR S. PARKES CADMAN, the "radio" clergyman, once received a letter from a young man with the following query: "Is it possible to lead a good Christian life in New York City on $18 a week?"

"My boy," replied Dr. Cadman, "that's all you *can* do."

—LEWIS COPELAND, *Humorous Anecdotes About Famous People*, (Garden City)

A KANSAS GRANDMOTHER was persuaded to come to town and attend a vaudeville show which headlined a magician, the first one she'd ever seen. During his act the magician covered a newspaper with a heavy flannel cloth and read the print through it. Then he covered the paper with a blanket and again read it accurately. At this granny rose hastily, whispering: "I'm goin' home. This is no place for a lady in a thin calico dress." —MILTON WEISS

AN ELDERLY SPINSTER, watching the construction of an office building near her apartment house, was shocked at the language used by two of the riveters. She wrote to the construction company, and the foreman was asked to report on the matter. He complied with the following statement: "Me and Jimmy Franklin were on this job. He was tossing rivets to me and one of them accidentally caught me on the back of the neck. So I said, 'You should be more careful, James.' "

—MAUREEN KELLY

AL WOODS, the Broadway producer, always stayed at the Hotel Crillon in Paris, though he could never master its pronunciation. "Whenever I took a taxi there," he explained, "I'd tell the driver to take me to the Hotel Claridge, and when we passed the Crillon I'd stop the cab and get out." —LEONARD LYONS

A YOUNG COUPLE decided to make a small garden in back of their house. After breakfast the following Saturday morning, the husband was sitting on the porch when his wife came around with a shovel saying, "Here, you know what to do with this."

Later she went out to see how he was getting along with the garden and found the shovel stuck in the ground and this note attached to the handle: "Found some worms, gone fishing." —H. CLAPP

♛ ♛ ♛

JAN KIEPURA, the Polish tenor, was disturbed by a feeling that the personal popularity enjoyed by such singers as Crosby and Pinza somehow had escaped him. He asked a public relations man for an explanation.

"Well, frankly, it's your ego," said the public relations man. "You have a reputation for being vain and immodest and conceited."

Kiepura elevated his eyebrows, placed his hands on his chest and exclaimed: "Who, me?—The Great Kiepura!" —LEONARD LYONS

See the Coronet Family Shopper on page 179 for new advertising listings of products and services.

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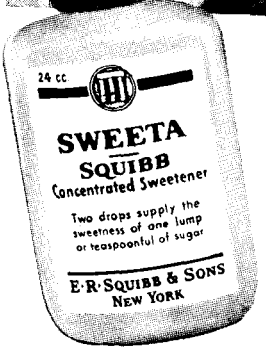

SWEETA

NON-FATTENING LIQUID SWEETENER

One or two drops make coffee or tea delicious.
Handy, squeeze-a-drop plastic bottle
holds the sweetness of 432 lumps of sugar!

GET ACQUAINTED WITH **SQUIBB** QUALITY

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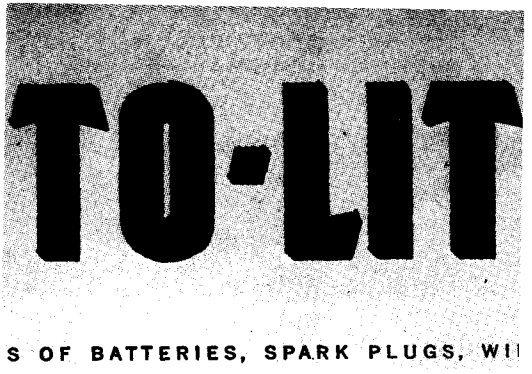

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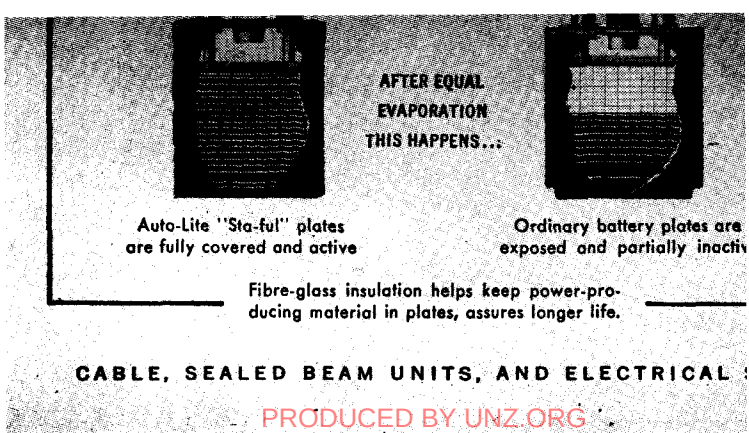
AFTER EQUAL
EVAPORATION
THIS HAPPENS...
Auto-Lite "Sta-ful" plates are fully covered and active
Ordinary battery plates are exposed and partially inactiv
Fibre-glass insulation helps keep power-producing material in plates, assures longer life.
CABLE, SEALED BEAM UNITS, AND ELECTRICAL

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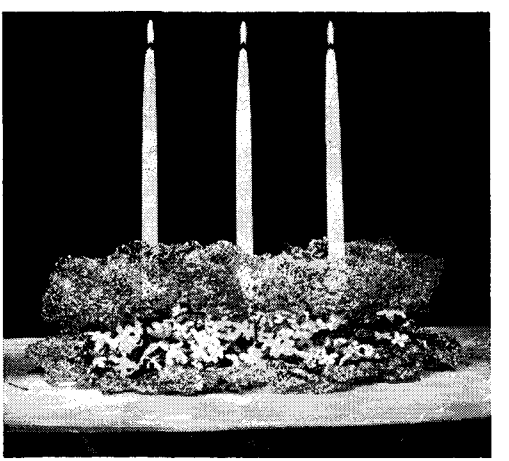
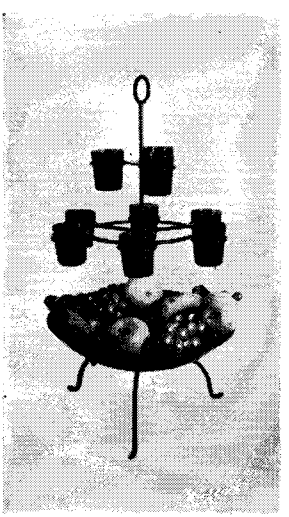
Beauty by Candlelight

CANDLELIGHT CASTS a glow of glamor on any setting. In these arrangements by Carole Stupell of New York, imaginative use of candles add a touch of drama. Above: pillar candles of different heights brighten a fruit tray.



ELEGANCE is achieved inexpensively in a centerpiece for chest or sideboard with three tall tapers surrounded by gold or silver metal mesh. The candles can be anchored to a wooden stick or set into three individual holders.



LONG-BURNING votive candles, arranged tree-like on a wrought-iron stand, effectively display a bowl filled with nuts, fruit or cake (*left*).

(Continued on page 16)

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Here's Relief from Coughs of Colds—So Different It Will Change All Your Ideas About Cough Syrups!

There's nothing like this new kind of medication to break up coughs that break up sleep!

New Vicks Medi-trating Cough Syrup is a combination of a remarkable penetrating ingredient, Cetamium—and a medicating formula. It does its best work where coughs are lodged...medicates as it penetrates for more complete relief. The very first spoonful will "take hold" of a child's cough. Then, every spoonful will build up more and more relief until the cough is gone. Tastes good, too!

So, before that cough spoils your child's rest and tires him out, give him new Vicks Medi-trating Cough Syrup.

MEDICAL JOURNAL REPORTS* RESULTS VITAL TO YOU:

Matched, point for point, against five other leading cough preparations, Vicks Cough Syrup:

1. Started to bring relief 39% faster than the average.

2. Helped reduce the duration of the cough by 2 full days.

3. Brought more complete relief from coughs.

4. Was the only preparation tested that did not upset the stomach of a single patient.

**Copy of Boston Clinic Report available to physicians on request.*

Vicks, Medi-trating, Cetamium are trademarks

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REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

VICKS MEDI-TRATING COUGH SYRUP

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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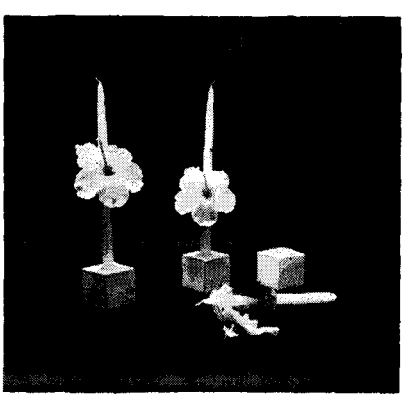
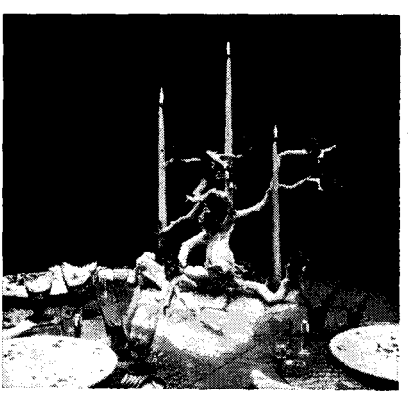
YOUR DINNER TABLE will sparkle with this simple device: insert thin, pastel-colored candles into a bowl of roses at interesting angles to make an unusual and attractive treatment. And, for a personal touch, place an egg-shaped individual candle next to every table setting.



DECORATIVE artificial flowers slip over —or can be tied to—the candle for an eye-catching composition. Fresh flowers could also be used, although the heat and the lack of water will reduce the time-span of their soft appearance.



DRIFTWOOD, painted or bleached to an antique finish, is easily fashioned into a modernistic centerpiece for the dinner table. Encircle it with pellets of rock crystal and then fasten (with artists' clay) three candles at varying heights.

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. . . but what's the best protection to use on "problem days?"

Tampax is . . . because it removes most of the problems from "problem days." Here's how:

1. *The chafing problem* is eliminated. Tampax (worn internally) is completely unfelt when it's in place.

2. *The telltale outline problem* is eliminated. There are no belts, pins or pads with Tampax.

3. *The odor problem* is eliminated. Tampax prevents odor from forming.

4. *The disposal problem* is eliminated. Both the applicator and the Tampax itself flush away.

5. *The carrying and storing problems* are eliminated. A single Tampax doesn't even bulge a pocket. A month's supply can be concealed in a handbag.

Besides all that, Tampax makes you feel better about yourself . . . nicer, daintier, more assured. In fact, you almost forget there's a difference in days of the month.

Choose from 3 absorbency sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Economy size gives average 4-months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

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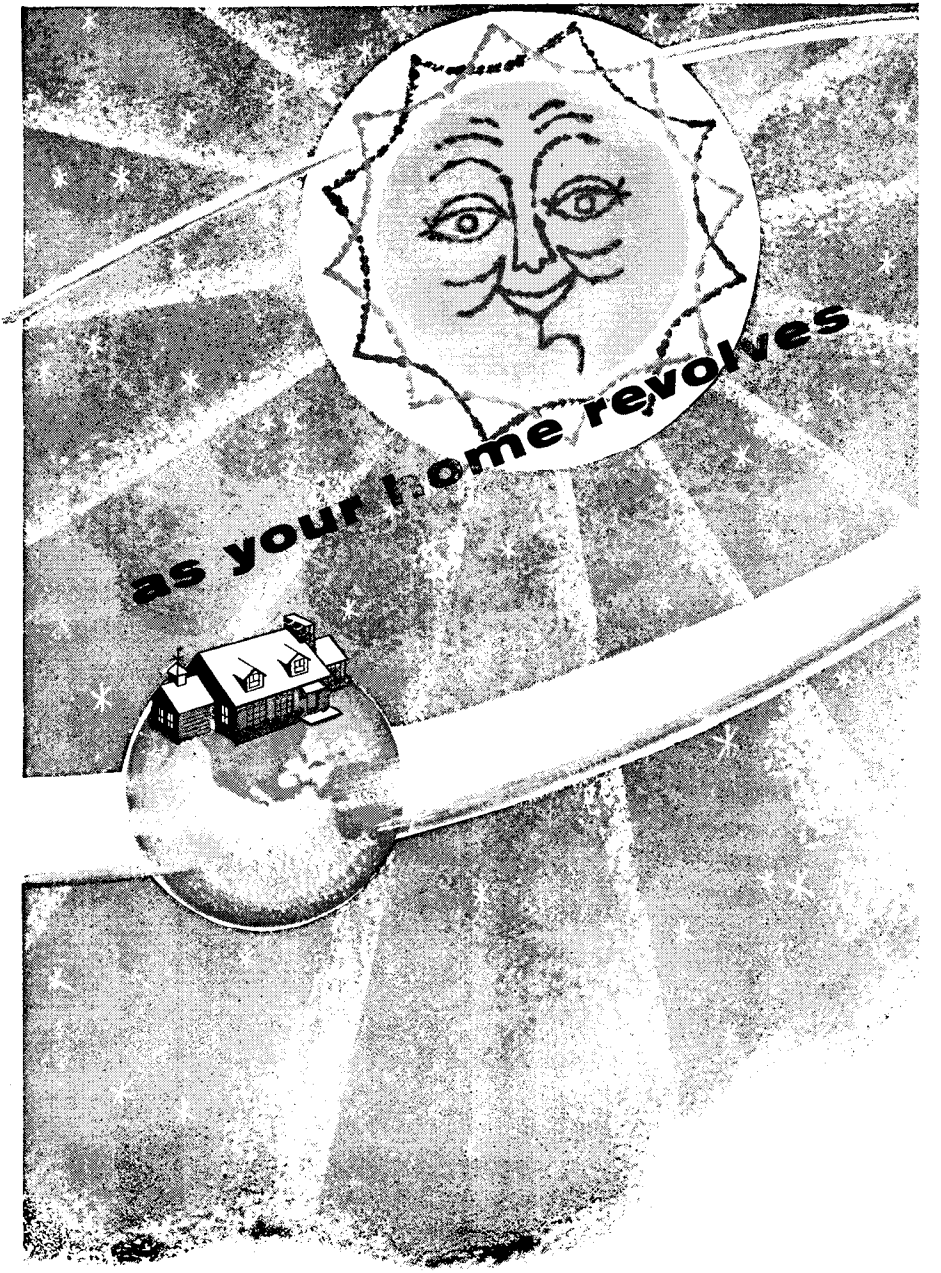

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As our earth revolves about the sun, your home moves with it—through winter, spring, summer and fall. And through infinite variations in temperature and humidity which may be bad for your health and comfort!

But now, air conditioning engineered by Chrysler will keep you *uniformly comfortable* in a cleaner, healthier atmosphere. This Airtemp Year 'Round Air Conditioning is practical for any home—*anywhere*. Heating may be with gas or oil. Waterless cooling equipment can overcome problems of water supply and expense. Spacesaver units can be installed without taking even one square inch of usable floor space. And all summer cooling noise can be kept out of your home by locating the weather-proofed condensing unit in your yard!

Airtemp is more efficient, with completely automatic control and other Chrysler-engineered advances no other system can match. And because of this higher efficiency, Airtemp gives you more economical air conditioning—*year* after *year* after *year!*

Quality-built and warranted for five full years by a Chrysler Corporation division whose only business is air conditioning. Installed by a factory-trained dealer who can install only your heating now and add your cooling later if you wish. Call *your* Airtemp Dealer *now*—he's in the Yellow Pages.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Airtemp
DIVISION OF
CHRYSLER
DAYTON 1, OHIO

AIR CONDITIONING • HEATING FOR HOMES, BUSINESS, INDUSTRY

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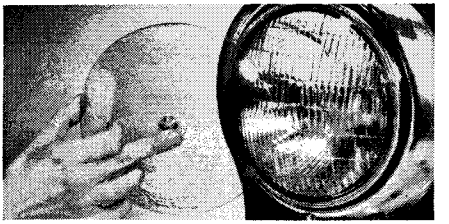
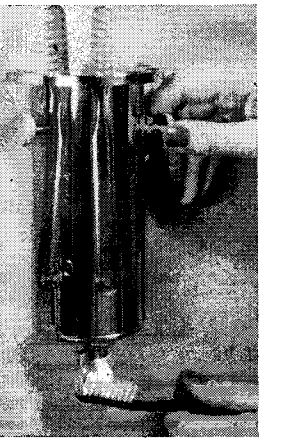
NEW PRODUCTS

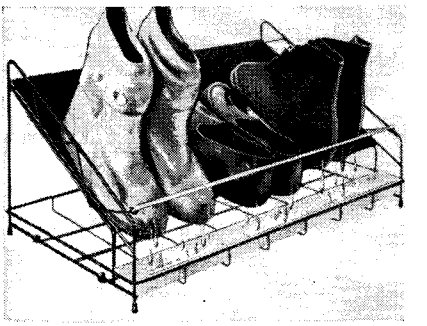
Products on Parade



FOGMASTER amber lenses convert regular headlights into penetrating foglights. Keep them in your glove compartment, press them on when the weather turns. 98c pr., FogMaster Co., 205-7 W. 19 St., N.Y.C. 11.



TURN THE KNOB and this stainless steel dispenser releases just the right amount of toothpaste. No waste, easy to refill, holds 6 brushes. $3.25; Kay's, Box 213, Dept. C-1, Englewood. N.J.



BOOTREST'S removable plastic trough ends wet, muddy floors. Wrought iron, $4.95. Marv-O-Lus Mfg., 820 N. Franklin St., Dept. 200, Chicago 10, Illinois.

JUNIOR VERSION of Air Force jet helmet has movable visor, speaker unit, compass, siren. Flexible plastic with foam rubber liner; $2.98. Bassons Ind., 1434 West Farms Rd., N.Y.C. 60.

(Continued on page 22)

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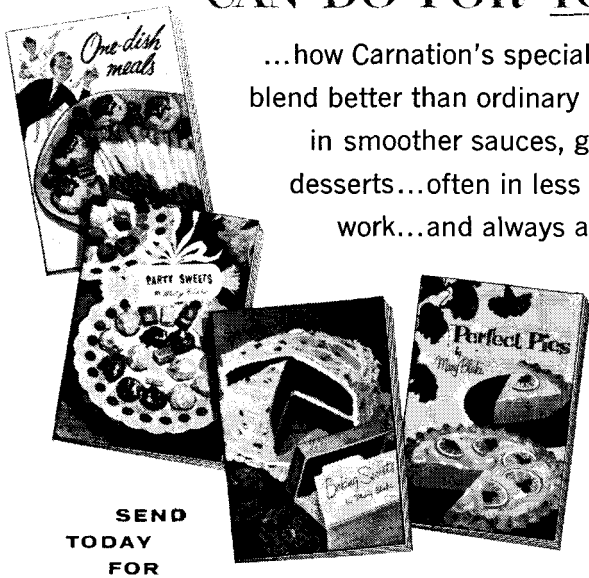
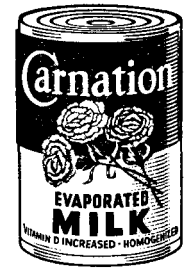
NOW SEE WHAT THE

Miracle Cooking Milk

CAN DO FOR YOU



...how Carnation's special qualities make it blend better than ordinary milk and result in smoother sauces, gravies, soups and desserts...often in less time, with less work...and always at less cost.



"from Contented Cows"

SEND TODAY FOR

Carnation's FREE Cook Booklet Library

DISCOVER the *failure-proof* way to make gravy! Cream sauce that never lumps! Frozen desserts that always turn out smooth and crystal-free! The secret is Carnation's special blending qualities... *qualities not found in any other form of milk.* You get 4 different booklets...32 colorful, recipe-packed pages in all. They're yours *free* from Carnation's Mary Blake. Hurry! Be sure to write today, while the supply is still available.

MARY BLAKE, Dept. CR-105, Carnation Company
Los Angeles 36, California

Please send me, absolutely free, Carnation's Cook Booklet Library.

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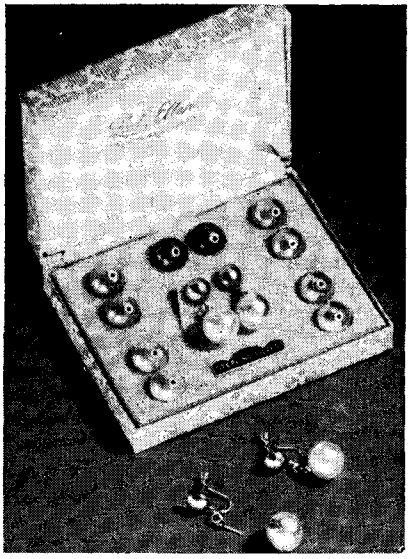
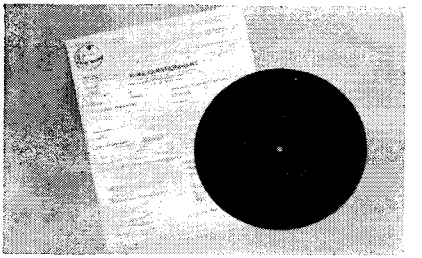
NEW PRODUCTS

Products on Parade



SELECT THE PEARLS that complement your costume, then slip them on the sterling silver earwires. Set includes six pairs of interchangeable Lady Ellen pearls, in pink, white, blue, aqua, gunmetal and gold. $4.98 from Darjon Novelties, Box 1116-B, Mansfield, Ohio.



A RECORD that talks to and about your child—his pets, his friends, the things he likes to do. Roee Records, Dept. C, 420 Webster Ave., New Rochelle, N.Y., will send free questionnaire. Return the completed form, enclosing $4.95.

SNACK TRAY holds firmly to the arm of any chair or sofa. Choice of ivory, burgundy, forest green, crystal clear. $1.98 ea. or 3 for $5.50. Walters, 802 N. Jefferson, Dept. FS, Tucson, Arizona.

OF INTEREST TO READERS OF PRODUCTS ON PARADE: On the last two pages of this issue of Coronet, you will find a new advertising feature, the CORONET FAMILY SHOPPER. It offers listings of additional mail-order products and services, which, too, may be of interest and value to you.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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New lanolin shampoo adds rich sparkle *...can't dry hair!*

Get ready for the softest, silkiest, most sparkly hair of your life! The instant this new double-rich lanolin shampoo goes into action it starts enriching your hair with a beauty you have never witnessed before!

What a joy! Instead of after-shampoo dryness, you discover a new dream-like softness that only this "twice-as-rich" lanolin shampoo can bring! Your waves ripple into place . . . softer, lovelier than ever!

You'll *enjoy* the great clouds of fleecy lather you get with this new double-rich lanolin shampoo. Wonderful lather that actually *polishes* your hair.

When your hair sparkles, *you* do! It shimmers like satin in moonlight—with this new shampoo miracle —Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo. Try it! 29¢, 59¢ and $1.

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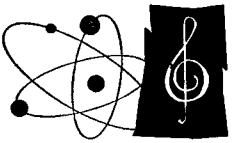
RECORDS

Out of the Ordinary



MUSIC WITHOUT MUSICIANS has been an age-old dream. Swiss watchmakers of the 18th Century produced intricate clockworks coupled with miniature organ pieces which were played by means of hardwood cylinders. These self-playing instruments were the prized possessions of the great. One such machine was found intact near Vienna; Vanguard recorded its repertoire, mostly Mozart (*Musical Organ Clock*, VRS 7020).

Now RCA has developed an Electronic Music Synthesizer which can create and record any and all the characteristics of a tune. Able to produce music in the usual instrument styles, the synthesizer also opens "unheard-of" vistas of new tunes and new music. An experimental RCA Victor record, LM-1922, presents *The Sounds and Music of the RCA Music Synthesizer.*

A startling idea—to set famous paintings, classic and modern, from Da Vinci's Mona Lisa to Picasso and Dali, to music; to translate the emotional contents of the pictures into musical impressions—results in a pleasant medley of melodies (*Passion in Paint*, Henri René and his orchestra, RCA Victor LPM 1033). A Columbia record, *Ports of Call*, (ML 4983) presents a sequence of well-known pieces such as Ravel's *Bolero* and *La Valse*, Ibert's *Escales*, Debussy's *Clair de Lune*, Chabrier's *España*, all played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy, to simulate a journey on which the listener experiences the moods of various lands. Less geography is covered in *Holiday In Rome* (Columbia CL 647), a melodic trip to the Italian city (Michel Legrand and his orchestra).

From an idea of Roland Hayes, the great Negro tenor, comes a recording of rare beauty and depth. He selected religious folk songs of his people and wove them into a song cycle telling *The Life Of Christ* as a touching message of the victory of love and compassion over hate and oppression (Vanguard VRS 462). *Mahalia Jackson, The World's Greatest Gospel Singer* (Columbia CL 644) blends the elements of Negro spirituals with jazzy popular tunes and recreates an atmosphere of religious rapture.

The Bach Guild has issued two records presenting a kind of singing which has become extremely rare. Alfred Deller, an Englishman, is one of the few contemporary masters of the counter-tenor (or male alto voice) and he proves this distinction, assisted by lute and harpsichord, in a sensitive interpretation of *Elizabethan and Jacobean Music* (Vanguard BG 539) and of *Music of Henry Purcell, Jenkins and Locke* (BG 547).

Out-of-the-ordinary is the way Lenny Dee plays the organ. This solemn and sonorous instrument changes under his hands into a light-hearted one, sounding like a spirited band or an oversized banjo giving forth popular tunes (*Dee-lightful Hi-Fi Organ Solos With A Beat*, Decca DL 8114). Most people regard the harmonica as a children's toy, but Leo Diamond proves what few others have shown before—that played by a true artist it can become a musical instrument of amazing range and expressiveness (*Harmonica Magic of Leo Diamond*, RCA Victor LPM 1042). —FRED BERGER

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THE NEW

Sonic Capri WITH Stereosonic Sound

never before at this low price!

$29.95

Slightly higher in the West

ALSO: IN HANDSOME LEATHER-BOUND SADDLE-STITCHED CASE...$39.95

A WONDERFUL GIFT IDEA
for college, for home, for travel — for everyone!

CAPRI-Twin-Speaker Perfected Portable!

● *Plays all 7", 10", and 12" Records!* ● *2 SPEAKERS for E-X-T-E-N-D-E-D all-range Stereosonic Sound!* ● *Turnover cartridge with dual long-life needles!* ● *Concealed volume and tone controls!* ● *Gorgeous luggage-type carrying case of simulated cowhide or rawhide.*

FINALLY . . . a lightweight portable phonograph with *twin speakers* — the first and only portable to give you full-range, peak quality STEREOSONIC SOUND! *Hear* it . . . you'll marvel at its twin-speaker tone. *See* it . . . its luggage-case beauty will thrill you. *Own* it . . . to enjoy value almost beyond belief!

at stores everywhere, or write for nearest dealer to

Sonic Industries, Inc., 19 Wilbur St., Lynbrook, Long Island, New York

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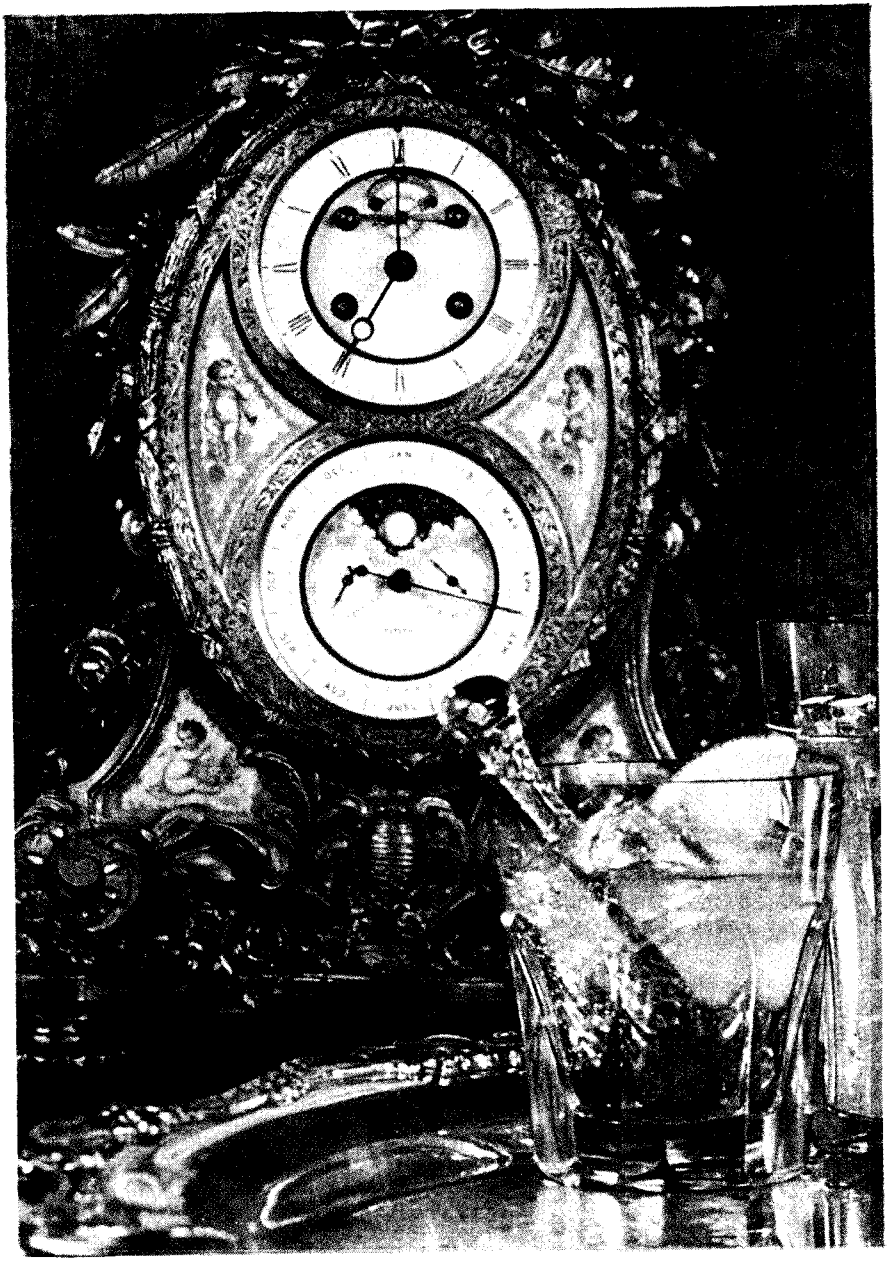

FRENCH CALENDAR CLOCK. *Lower dial shows months, days, dates, phases of moon.*

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tick tock, tick tock,

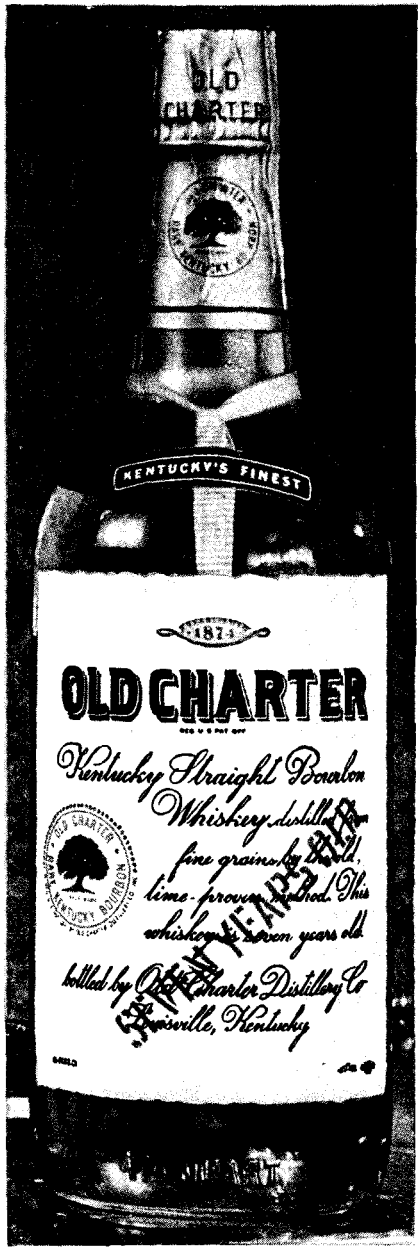
the whiskey that didn't watch the clock . . . *seven long years!*

OLD CHARTER GOES into the cask a superior whiskey. Seven slow years' aging mellows it to rare magnificence. These two simple—but vital—factors are behind the superb flavor that is Old Charter's, alone. They have actually won over many Scotch, Canadian and Bonded whiskey drinkers. Try Old Charter yourself.

OLD CHARTER

Kentucky's Finest
Straight Bourbon

Straight Bourbon Whiskey • 86 Proof
7 Years Old • Old Charter
Distillery Company
Louisville, Kentucky



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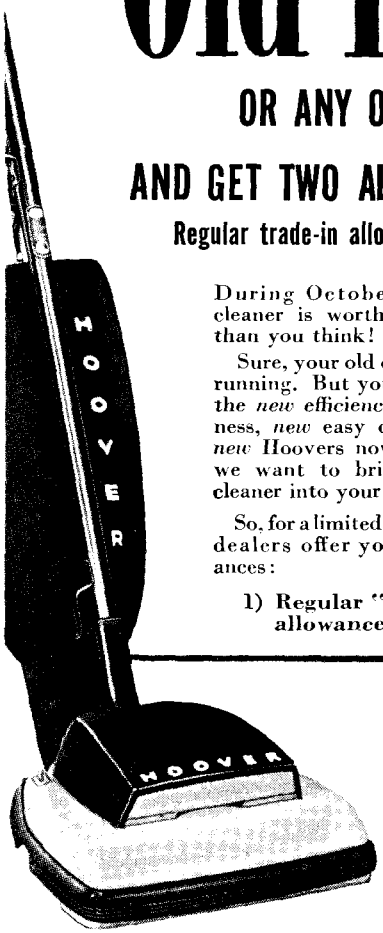
Retire Your Old Hoover

OR ANY OTHER OLD CLEANER...

AND GET TWO ALLOWANCES DURING OCTOBER!

Regular trade-in allowance plus Special Retirement Allowance



During October, your old cleaner is worth a lot more than you think!

Sure, your old cleaner is still running. But you don't know the *new* efficiency, *new* lightness, *new* easy cleaning that *new* Hoovers now have—and we want to bring this new cleaner into your home.

So, for a limited time, Hoover dealers offer you *two* allowances:

1) **Regular "trade-in" allowance, plus**

2) **Special Retirement Allowance**

In most cases, this will amount to 20% to 25% of the original purchase price of your old cleaner.

For the exact trade-in and Retirement Allowance you'll get—get your old cleaner out and call your Hoover dealer!

HOOVER

FINE APPLIANCES

...around the house, around the world

Enjoy the ease of Power Cleaning with THE HOOVER DELUXE 63

Gets the dirt that other cleaners miss, because *it beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans,* on a cushion of air. Power-driven vibrators loosen deeply embedded dirt. Rotating brushes sweep it up along with the surface litter. Powerful suction carries it all into a throwaway bag. Keeps colors bright, prolongs life of rugs and carpets.

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A Look At Your Life—Ten Years From Today

The sun will heat your house, a jet engine will power your two cars —and atomic radiation will preserve food in a kitchen that disappears

by LEO CHERNE, *as told to* Ray Joseph

WOULD YOU LIKE to know what life in the U. S. will be like in 1965? For one thing, you will be working only four days a week, probably at a guaranteed annual wage.

There will be spectacular new anti-TB drugs, but one child in ten will spend time in a mental institution.

You will have been through another depression, but not a bad one.

Juvenile delinquency and marital infidelity will increase, and one of every three marriages will end in divorce.

You will fly from New York to London in five hours, man-made satellites will circle the earth—and world war will have been eliminated!

This is no wild prognostication but a scientific forecast by Leo Cherne, famed economist and Executive Director of the Research Institute of America. Mr. Cherne, leading expert in the new science of prediction based on patterns of action, has been uncannily right in the past.

Twelve years ago, toward the close of World War II, he wrote a book, called "The Rest of Your Life," in which he foretold what would probably happen in the post-war period. Amazingly, 74 per cent of his predictions have already come true. Only 13 per cent have proved incorrect. The rest are still not definitely settled.

CORONET asked Mr. Cherne and his organization—which spends $6,000,000 annually researching the facts of yesterday and today for pro-

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jection into the future—to predict what life will be like in 1965.

Some of their forecasts will please you. Others will shock you. But they will be helpful in planning your life for the next ten years.

Here, according to the Institute's report, is your world of 1965:

STANDARD OF LIVING. Your standard of living, ten years from now, will be higher than you dare dream. If yours is a factory job, you will work a maximum of four days a week. Many offices will operate on the same schedule. And there will be a shift in holiday observance dates so that all except Christmas and New Year's will fall on Mondays.

You will probably be living in a house heated and lighted by the sun, for solar houses should be beyond the experimental stage in 1965. Its refrigeration and air conditioning—the latter will be as general as today's central heating—will work by the same sun power.

By 1965, practically all parts for new houses will come from prefabrication sources, put together on the site. Houses will be more functional through greater use of lighter-weight furniture, soil-resistant silicone finishes, easy-to-care-for plywoods, plastics and quick-drying veneers.

In many of them, living, dining and cooking areas will be combined into one total functional space—and built-in cooking units with sliding doors will be so cleverly designed that they will all but disappear when not in use.

Automatic eyes will close doors and windows as temperature and weather change. And automatic regulation of humidity, light, and control against virus and bacteria will start appearing in many homes.

Yet, with all these new devices, you'll do more things yourself in 1965. Thanks to packaged kits, most people will do their own roofing, plumbing, electrical work—and accept it as routine. You'll even be able to rent a portable plastic swimming pool for the back yard.

Frozen foods of practically all kinds will be in widespread use. Plastic cans—so that you can see the food as you buy—will be common. Pre-cooked meats will be general.

New microwave cooking methods, in which the cooking is done with an electronic tube, will be in use. Foods cooked this way will maintain more of their nutritive elements.

WORK CONDITIONS AND PAY. If you do as well in the next ten years as you have done in the past ten, your income will be up 20 per cent in terms of stable dollars. You may get part of this in the form of a shorter work week or more job security, however. For by 1965, probably seven out of ten factory employees under collective bargaining

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will have some form of guaranteed annual wage.

Your chances of being under a pension plan will increase; and your average state unemployment compensation benefits will probably be a third larger.

You are more likely to work outside a city than in, especially if you are in chemicals, electronics or aircraft, which, in that order, will continue to be among our fastest growing industries.

Your tools, whether in office or factory, will be more automatic. But don't expect automation—the use of machines to operate other machines—everywhere. If you do clerical or secretarial work, you'll have to take special courses to learn how to run increasingly complex business machines.

Your boss will be easier to get along with. He'll probably not be an owner but will more likely be hired to manage by shareholders.

If you are not a member of a union now, the chances are better than ever that you will be by 1965. White collar workers will also be joining in increasing numbers. The last great unorganized group by then will be independent salesmen.

Union leaders will speak for workers on industry control boards as directors now represent stockholders. Strikes will be rare. Unions will offer more medical and child care, discount-house type canteens, social services.

PERSONAL WEALTH AND OPPORTUNITIES. Your savings will probably be two per cent larger than the seven per cent now saved by the average U. S. family. But if you now pay $400 yearly in Federal income taxes, you'll probably pay at least $500 in 1965. And you will pay at least $50 more in state income and personal city taxes.

Automation won't cut prices you'll pay for most items you use. Rather, it will keep price increases smaller than they'd advance if vast progress were not to be made in this area. This will be a major factor in creating the prosperity all America will be enjoying by 1965.

There will be almost nothing you won't buy on the installment plan. You'll consider it pay-as-you-use instead of "going into hock."

TRANSPORTATION AND TRAVEL. There will be some 81,000,000 vehicles on the road in 1965, in contrast to today's 59,000,000. Trend studies show you'll have more toll roads like the Pennsylvania Turnpike and New York Thruway, more Freeways like those in Los Angeles. But, though Mr. Cherne hopes he's wrong, there is currently no sign of any carefully planned, broad-scale national highway improvement progress that will be both adequate and acceptable to Congress. This, incidentally, may be one of our most serious problems.

The automotive projections are not all pessimistic, however. You'll have your first chance to run your car on coal and vegetable derivatives at about one-third of what it now costs you to buy gasoline. And we'll be using two kinds of new cars in 1965—one a city car for in-town; and the other for highway cruising —a faster, larger, more luxurious car than the one of today.

The city car will be made five feet shorter than present Ford and Chevrolet sedans by lopping off the

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elongated hood and trunk. The 60-h.p. engine will be under the floor or in the rear, and the fenders will probably be made of dent-resistant plastic. The first models will be true hard-top convertibles, changeable in a few minutes.

The deluxe open-road car will probably be about 20 feet long, powered by a gas turbine, little brother of the jet engine. This engine will weigh less than half of present-day car engines and will burn anything from aviation gasoline to household oil.

By 1965, there will be far greater use of conveyor belt systems to help alleviate pedestrian and automotive congestion.

All travel, especially international, will increase. If by now you have done even a small amount of traveling, the chances are even that by 1965 you will have been to Europe. You'll be able to take off from London and in approximately five hours' flying time be in New York.

Jet-propelled planes will be used on all long flights; propellor-driven planes for shorter journeys.

By 1975, 200-passenger airliners will make the Washington to Paris flight in little more than three hours at 1,200 miles an hour. The plane for in-between distances may turn out to be the first practical flying saucer, carrying 100 passengers at 600 mile-per-hour speeds.

ENTERTAINMENT. Your entertainment will be centered at home. You'll probably have two color television sets, which should cost under $300 each. The pay-as-you-watch system, averaging $1 a night charged on your telephone bill, will be a standard supplementary service. Most TV shows will have been previously photographed on special tape which will reproduce sound, sight and color with a quality virtually identical to a live performance.

You may see some live pick-ups from Europe but there are no signs of global TV in the next decade.

Your TV set will probably work from a thin wall screen, controlled from a small box on a table—and will be easily moved about the house.

You'll be able to buy a wrist-watch radio at your corner drug-store for about $25.

HEALTH. You'll live longer. By 1965, average male life expectancy will have increased to 70 years, women to 75. There will be an extraordinary percentage of reasonably healthy people in their 80s and 90s. Our youth will grow taller as a result of eating better food, having more recreation, less childhood disease, a better-balanced diet.

But, though we will be physically more healthy, we will be subject to greater suffering from nervous and emotional disturbances due to the increased strain and tension of 1965's faster and more complicated pace. This will produce more psychosomatic ills such as asthma, allergies, ulcers, heart trouble, stomach difficulties.

In ten years, one child in every ten can be expected to spend some time in a mental institution.

THE FAMILY. The 1965 family will be larger, with couples marrying earlier. Here's the probability pattern: In 1890, the average girl married at 22; men at 26. By 1940, it was 21.2 for women, 24.6 for men.

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Now it's 20 and 23. By 1965, the projection shows, it will be 19 for girls and 22 for men.

Youngsters reared in a family of three children can count on having four of their own—for the small family trend has reversed. By 1965 our population will have reached 188,000,000.

Your children will have a higher education than you. Despite this, however, there will be a steady increase in juvenile delinquency. This will also tear away at the roots on which young people can build a stable marital relationship.

At the rate we've been going, by 1965 one out of every three marriages will end in divorce, though the absence of war can bring this down. There will, however, be a growing pattern of marital infidelity by both husbands and wives. Monogamy will still dominate, but increasingly will be honored in the breach. Pills for birth control will be widely used.

THE WORLD. By 1965 you can expect atomic energy to be in actual use at some big industrial plants and in at least one trans-Atlantic vessel. Atomic radiation will be employed in new ways to preserve food more effectively; to extend the life and durability of fabrics, metals and equipment; and for sterilization.

But, surprising as it now seems, by 1965 scientists will be more excited about trying to harness energy from the sun as their next big forward step. Some, in fact, say that all signs indicate that employing solar energy will have more effect on your life than atomic energy.

Technology will develop new uses for such materials as wood, steel and aluminum.

Growing trees, for example, will be injected with hormones, radioactive materials and various chemicals to pre-season wood, give it fire-resistant qualities, and even stain it in desired colors.

Coal, instead of being used primarily for fuel, will become a basic source for new raw materials. It will be used to make clothing rot-resistant and to produce spectacular new anti-TB drugs.

Within ten years, the first man-made space satellites will be a reality, providing an island in space from which we will be able to look back on the world. It will be ten years more—about 1975—before trips to the moon will be attempted.

The most profound change to take place in the world will be the elimination of world war. This will be caused by fear of government leaders everywhere of global destruction by the ultimate weapons. You will have peace—although the Communists will continue to threaten free nations by means short of war.

By 1965, the U.S. will have come successfully through a depression in which 6,000,000 will have been unemployed. But the effect will have been insignificant in contrast to the great depression of the 1930s, which we'll look back upon as a national tragedy from which certain beneficial results flowed.

Such will be the world of 1965, as Leo Cherne and his Research Institute experts picture it.

So here is a suggestion: cut out this article. Write your own notes on the margins. Then put it away with your valuable papers; wait ten years, and do a re-check.

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I'm Glad I Married

I WAS HAVING morning coffee recently with one of the other mothers on our block, a pert youngster named Marie who looks about 13 in her Bermuda shorts. We were talking about clothes, one of our preferred topics.

"You should be careful," pronounced Marie, "always to dress smartly and keep up your grooming. Otherwise, in a few years people might start taking you for Tom's and Judy's grandmother."

I am accustomed to frank statements from Marie. But this remark, delivered so offhandedly, came as a shocking surprise. Suddenly, I saw myself as I must appear through Marie's eyes—a pathetic, older character floundering around in a role intended for a young girl.

But—wait a minute! My life is full and exciting. I thoroughly enjoy my children and my housekeeping adventure—most of the time—and I wouldn't have it different.

True, I was past 30 when I married, after what I considered a successful career in department-store advertising. Tom is four and Judy is almost three. My husband is 38, a year older than I, but I think we have a good marriage and are good parents, and that our children are happy and well-adjusted.

And what's more, I think I have quite a few advantages over Marie and the other twenty-ish mothers I see around me.

We career women tend to marry later and to have children later than other women. The years we have behind us—the years in our lives corresponding to those Marie and company are now devoting to housekeeping and child rearing—were not wasted. Neither, contrary to some opinion, were they spent merely marking time until a man came along and turned us into Maries. They were exchanged for many good things which girls who marry early usually never have.

For one thing, money is less of a problem to those of us who marry late. We wives who worked a long time before marriage were often able to bring nice fat nest eggs of savings to our new lives, compared to the little coed brides who bring only a pair of worn-out saddle shoes. And the older men we married were better established, and were enjoying larger incomes, than the young bridegrooms who were

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A woman's frank look at the unforeseen—
and sometimes dangerous—
pitfalls of early marriage

by Louise Wilson

just out of the Army or college.

By starting later, our marriages avoided many of the tensions that come from being tied down too closely, in too small quarters, with too little money. We have larger, pleasanter houses, more of the appliances to make our work easier, and the books, records and other accessories to make our lives fuller.

We can afford baby sitters oftener and thus escape for shopping or meetings in the daytime—not too often, but often enough to avoid the I'm-going-stark-raving-mad-any-second look that I see on the faces of some of my neighbors who never get free from their little jailers in blue jeans.

Too, my husband and I go out together oftener than many of the younger parents. Thus, we keep in touch with our friends and with the outside world via concerts, lectures, plays and an occasional glamorous party. At the same time, we are experiencing the wonderful fun of having young children.

Actually, many young brides did not have a chance to learn much about the world before marriage. They went from the shelter of home and school into the confines of a small home, and babies arrived soon after to keep them imprisoned there. They didn't have time to meet a wide variety of people, to learn to fend for themselves in the competition of a job, or to acquire lasting interests in broader subjects outside themselves.

Now, what time they do salvage from their everlasting chores is spent sewing for themselves and their children, playing bridge or watching television. Their social life consists, mainly, of potluck suppers, or cards, or child study club meetings attended only by others like themselves.

They seem to me in danger of becoming—as soon as their children no longer monopolize their time—either empty, lonely, dissatisfied women, or that deadlier parasitic type who fasten themselves on their children with the octopus-hold known as "momism."

Another danger is that of lagging intellectually behind their husbands. At first the husbands, too, may have been immature and inexperienced, but the daily competition and contacts of their work

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sharpen them, force them to grow. It is extremely difficult for a girl who has not had similar experiences to understand what is happening to her husband and keep in step with him.

Several of my friends are attractive, still vital women in their late thirties who were married just out of their teens—in the rosy glow of first love—to what they were sure were supermen destined to swoop them off into outer space. Well, their men traveled no farther than six-room colonials in the suburbs. They have good, steady jobs and are devoted husbands, but their wives feel cheated, feel they have sacrificed themselves—"the best years of their lives,"—for nothing but mediocrity. They fear they have missed the romance and excitement of life and are ripe for dangerous adventures.

And then there are the frustrated wives with unfulfilled ambitions and undeveloped talents. How much better off is my friend Paula, a dancer, who did not marry until she had achieved her goal and danced for a season with a leading precision dance troupe.

As she puts it: "I did my dancing first, when I still had the figure for it. I pity those wives who wait until they see middle-aged spread coming, then take dancing lessons."

Conformity, that *must* among adolescents—which also prevails among the women of our suburb—is to me a sign of immaturity, and leads to another argument for marrying a little later. It takes mature people to be good wives and husbands and parents. Maturity is not necessarily a matter of age, but it does come from experience and observation. A woman who knows the workings of an office or a store or a school, and the human relationships involved, inevitably brings more insight into running her home and understanding her family.

Maturity does not mean that one must act or feel old. The woman who marries late may have a more youthful attitude than her contemporary who has known the responsibilities of marriage since girlhood.

I am thinking of a young clerk's bride who confessed she used to cry with envy when her sorority sisters went off on prom weekends while she had to do the marketing and clean the apartment. And I recall another young thing who said she was sure she would go out of her mind when she was imprisoned in a furnished room with a new baby.

We older mothers seldom feel the same envy of our party-bound friends, or frenzy at being shut in with the baby. We have had our share of freedom and fun and we know the infinitely greater worth of a husband and children. As one of my friends says: "We had our cake before we had to bake it."

Nice Work

TWO LOBBYISTS met at a party in Washington.

"How's business?" one asked.

"Well, it's sort of like sex," said the other. "When it's good, it's wonderful; when it's bad, it's still pretty good."

—A.M.A. *Journal*

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IN THE MIDDLE

HAL MARCH, emcee of "The $64,000 Question" quiz program (CBS-TV—Tuesdays, 10-10:30 P.M., EDT), is toying with the idea of adding a middle name, like Robert Q. Lewis and some of the other famous people whose middle monikers are listed below. Can you supply their first and last names! An identity clue appears next to the name. (Answers on page 51.)

1. NANCE—Roosevelt's original forgotten man.
2. HOWARD—Was the biggest man in the White House.
3. MOUNTAIN—Was a good judge of diamonds.
4. ROY—Got five of a kind for a full house.
5. CAESAR—Likes a well-organized band.
6. EMANUEL—Ran the tallest building in the world.
7. CLEVELAND—Would cut corners to avoid walking.
8. SIMPSON—Took a few shots at Shiloh.
9. KEITH—Did the "whodunit" up brown.
10. CHANDLER—His uncle made him famous.
11. ALVA—He didn't have time for television.
12. WASHINGTON—The beans he cooked tasted like paint.
13. FOSTER—Top drawer in the cabinet.
14. DANA—Drew a lot of women around himself.
15. NcNEILL—A man who owes a lot to his mother.
16. DEMBITZ—He sat on the bench with his eight.
17. JACOB—Nobody could pull the fur over his eyes.
18. EDGAR—He has made some people feel as though they're wanted.
19. HERMAN—He went around the bases like sixty.
20. EVELYN—He was acclaimed from pole to pole.
21. CULP—Worked to make us healthy and wise.
22. GRAHAM—He originated party lines.
23. AGARD—Prefers farm house today to White House.
24. COLLINS—Everybody's doing the spirituals from Pennsylvania.
25. LANGHORNE—He put his mark on his stories.
26. TAYLOR—Told the sad story of the superannuated sailor.
27. JAN—A man of note in Polish politics.
28. PHILIP—Led the Marines' little brass.
29. EVERETT—Showed you can't take the country out of the man.
30. TRUSLOW—His career is American history.
31. LLOYD—Always has a new angle in the building racket.
32. SCOTT—Was very calm and composed under fire.
33. RILEY—A politico who wanted better stogies.
34. OTIS—Was often heard talking to herself.
35. DAVISON—Turned black gold into yellow gold.

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FLUORIDATION:

by JAMES RORTY

Yes, say its advocates. But, say its opponents, its value has not been proven, and it can be dangerous—even deadly!

James Rorty is a distinguished American journalist whose searching articles on the health problems of this country have been appearing in leading magazines for over 30 years. He is also the author of several books on social, political and economic problems.
—The Editors.

TO FLUORIDATE or not to fluoridate our water supply systems? That is the question hundreds of American communities will have to answer in the next year or two. And much depends upon coming up with the *right* answer.

According to supporters of the plan, the fluoridation of municipal water supplies is a public health measure of proven safety which greatly reduces tooth decay in both young children and adults.

This has simply not been proven, says the opposition. Moreover, 40,000,000 Americans in over 500 cities have either rejected the program or, having tried it, have abandoned it and junked their equipment. Furthermore, the program has failed to gain approval by France's famed Pasteur Institute, has been rejected by a national convention of French dentists, been voted down by Sweden, and is looked upon with great scepticism by leading English and Swiss scientists.

Why? Because, answers the oppo-

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IS IT SAFE?

sition, fluoridation is dangerous!

What is the case, then, *for* fluoridation?

Its proponents claim that our water supply systems should be fluoridated because fluoridation reduces tooth decay in growing children and this beneficial result continues into adulthood. And they also say that fluorine in the water supply system of a community has no adverse effects upon the health of the community if the concentration of fluorine in the water remains at a safe level—and this safe level is easy to control. Sufficient scientific evidence has been accumulated to prove both these foregoing statements beyond the shadow of a doubt, they state.

The case for fluoridation is based, first, on observations in communities where the water is naturally fluoridated; and second, on studies in communities where the water has been artificially fluoridated up to what is considered the "optimum," or safe, level of one part per million.

The beneficial effects of naturally fluoridated water on the teeth of young children were reported by investigators of the United States Public Health Service during the early 1940s. And it was decided to find out if a similar reduction of tooth decay would occur when fluorine was added to city water artificially.

In 1945, experiments were launched in a number of cities including Grand Rapids, Michigan; Newburgh, New York; and Brantford, Ontario, Canada. In the next few years, others began in Evanston, Illinois, and Sheboygan, Wisconsin. Before the experiments began, dental examiners ascertained the number of decayed, missing and filled teeth among the school children of these artificially fluoridated cities, and also in "control cities" where the water contained little or no fluorine.

The experiments were to continue for not less than ten years. But after five years, the progress reports of

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the dental examiners were so enthusiastic—six-year-old children who had drunk fluoridated water while their teeth were forming had only about one third as much tooth decay as the children in the fluorine-free cities—that the examiners felt that they had hit a public health jackpot.

On the strength of this, the American Dental Association recommended the general fluoridation of municipal water supplies. Fluoridation was also endorsed by public and private agencies concerned with public health, and several months later, by the U. S. Public Health Service. The American Medical Association endorsed the plan "in principle."

Meanwhile, opposition to this rapid approval of fluoridation began to solidify. In 1952, prominent scientists of unimpeachable reputation appeared before Congress' Delaney Committee on Chemicals in Food. They voiced concern before the Committee over what they considered the premature adoption of fluoridation. And they asked several questions which, they claimed, the experiments don't answer.

THE "anti's" claim that these questions still have not been answered—and give their reasons for so believing.

1. *Has it really been scientifically established that fluoridated water prevents tooth decay in children and adults?*

The anti's say, "No."

Because judgment varies, no two dental examiners are likely to come up with the same count of decayed teeth. In fact, the margin of error is so great, say the opponents, that it is nonsense to claim a 65 per cent reduction of decay in fluoridated cities.

And what is more, say the critics, fluorine only *postpones* the onset of tooth decay in young children. They cite as proof the later reports of the U. S. Public Health Service's examiners which show a rapid increase of decay in children from ten years of age, on. As for the effect of fluorine on adult teeth, Drs. Margaret Cammack Smith and Howard V. Smith of the University of Arizona, co-discoverers of the relationship between fluorine and "mottled teeth," have shown that in some naturally fluoridated areas tooth decay is more severe than in non-fluoridated areas, in the later years, and more difficult to repair.

2. *Is it scientifically valid to use "nature's experiment"—the naturally fluoridated areas—as a basis for conclusions about artificial fluoridation?*

Again the anti-fluoridators say, "No."

They characterize as "worthless" a series of studies made by the U. S. Public Health Service of tooth decay in 21 cities whose water supplies contain natural fluorine.

The anti-fluoridators point out that in most naturally fluoridated water the fluorine occurs in association with other chemicals, especially calcium, which affect the absorption and toxicity (poisonousness) of the fluorine. Opponents of the program consider it especially hazardous to fluoridate "soft" water containing little calcium.

Among the cities whose water supplies contain relatively small amounts of calcium are: New York; Seattle, Washington; Charleston, South Carolina; Baton Rouge, Louisiana; Pensacola, Florida; Au-

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gusta, Georgia; Portland, Maine; Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; and there are many, many others.

3. *Is there really no evidence of health damage caused by either naturally or artificially fluoridated water?*

Opponents cite two reports of actual deaths by poisoning caused by drinking naturally fluoridated water with relatively small concentrations of fluorine.

One of these deaths was that of a 22-year-old American soldier who had lived in naturally fluoridated areas where the water contained respectively 1.2, 5.7 and 4.4 parts, per million, of fluorine. The other is the case of a 23-year-old native of Argentina who lived in an area where the concentration of fluorine was 2 parts per million. In both cases, fluorine poisoning was a contributing cause of death.

In both naturally and artificially fluoridated areas, many children and adults have dental fluorosis, otherwise known as "mottled teeth" or "Texas teeth." This takes the initial form of opaque white flecks on the surface of the teeth.

These flecks are considered "unobjectionable" by the proponents of fluoridation. Opponents, however, point out that they become darker with age, to the point where they might be considered seriously disfiguring.

4. *Can the concentration of fluorine in water supply systems be safely controlled?*

Proponents of fluoridation claim that the "optimum" concentration of fluorine in water is 1 part per million. They hold that this is perfectly safe for the individual and effective in preventing dental decay. Their claim is based on the estimate that the average daily consumption of water is about a quart per individual.

But critics point out that any given person may drink up to ten times that amount of water daily, depending upon his occupation, the weather and the state of his health. This excessive intake of water clearly would result in a concentration of fluorine in the human system above the "safe" limit.

The same problem is presented by certain foods. A check made on the Island of Tristan da Cunha, for example, indicated that 30 per cent of the natives there have the "mottled teeth" characteristic of an excess of fluorine in the diet. However, the water on this island contains only .2 parts, per million, of fluorine. The "overdose" comes from the fluorine-containing sea food which is eaten there.

Citing these uncontrollable variables, Dr. George L. Waldbott, well-known Detroit allergist, has asked: "How can it be argued that fluoridated drinking water is safe for every person in the community, for the entire life span, when, at 1.5 parts per million, danger begins, and near 2 parts per million it can cause permanent disfigurement and even death?"

THESE, THEN, are the unanswered questions of the anti-fluoridators. And until these questions *are* answered they will not concede that either the safety or the effectiveness of fluoridation has been convincingly established.

Several substitutes for water fluoridation have been suggested. Local application by a dentist for example, has no deleterious effects. Neither does the use of toothpaste

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with a fluoride in it. In New York City the water department has presented a "pill" program and a similar plan is also being considered in St. Louis. This would permit parents and school nurses to administer accurately controlled doses of fluoride to young children, and would avoid any risk whatever to the general population.

The pill program, it has been estimated, would cost only a fraction of the amount necessary to fluoridate a city's water supply.

For many cities, 1955 and 1956 will be the years of decision on the issue of fluoridation. New York City's final vote (fluoridation has been twice recommended by the Health Department and twice successfully opposed by the Water Department) will have an important effect on the future of fluoridation both in this country and elsewhere.

The tide seems to be swinging toward the opponents of the program. The position of the anti-fluoridators is clear and effective. They hold that, far from being a public health boon of demonstrated safety and value, fluoridation is a dubious and inadequately tested venture into mass medicine. They argue that it is without precedent in public health history to apply such a wholesale program on the basis of such meager investigations of its safety and effectiveness.

Fluoridation, they further say, makes of the public a vast collection of guinea pigs who must, willy nilly, submit to the experiment.

It is possible that opponents of fluoridation are right and the U. S. Public Health Service is wrong. It was wrong 30 years ago when its experts were equally enthusiastic about iodizing all drinking water as a means of preventing goiter. Their own research resulted in calling off the program just in time; at the last moment it was established that iodization would have caused serious side effects in many people.

The position of the anti-fluoridators is that there is no great urgency about the matter. Until all the evidence is in and has been evaluated they simply warn: "Let's go slow on fluoridation."

Whether we do or not will, in the end, depend upon how much you know about the matter and how you cast your vote.

Why Editors Leave Town

SOAP AD SEEN in a New York paper:
It makes a bath that refreshes, relaxes and stimulates. You step out of your tub ready to meet all comers.
—*10,000 Jokes, Toasts & Stories*, edited by Lewis and Faye Copeland (Garden City Publishing Co.)

"THIS CREAM CHEESE decoration for open-faced pies tastes as dreary as it looks."
—*New York World-Telegram*

NOTED IN A SYRACUSE, NEW YORK, newspaper:
The board took occasion to remember E. Russell Hall, board clerk, who was given a hat and two courthouse employees, an elevator operator and a cleaning woman.
—E. RUSSELL HALL

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The people of the little English valley battled the giant waves that hammered their homes and threatened their lives . . .

The Night the Sea Broke Through

by GRAHAM FISHER

ALL THAT BITTER winter's day the wind had been rising as it gusted in across the beach. When daylight began to fade over England's east coast it had reached gale force plus, lashing the sea into giant waves, pounding its invisible fist against the homes scattered about the sandy valley that the local English called "Little America."

Half-a-hundred American families were living in the normally pleasant little valley south of Hunstanton on that last day of January, 1953. It had been pay day at nearby Sculthorpe Air Base—headquarters in Britain of the U.S. 49th Air Division—and Staff Sergeant Kilpatrick and his wife were planning an evening out.

In another of the scattered houses in the valley, Master Sergeant Frank Fecitt was singing in his bath while his wife fixed supper in the kitchen. Their nine-year-old daughter Harriet stood at the window, staring out at the mountainous waves pounding against the bank of sand and gravel which bulwarked the beach.

But as day darkened into night, no one noticed that the great waves were beginning to top the bank. No one saw the water begin to trickle down the landward side, the slow slide of sand and gravel as the bank began to give.

Sergeant Kilpatrick, from Oklahoma, was in his bedroom, changing, when he spotted the water coming with startling speed along the dirt road that cut across the valley. His eyes widened in horror.

"The sea's broken through!" he

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yelled to his wife, his first thought to warn others.

The gale tore at him as he flung open the door, ran down the steps and splashed his way through the water now streaming into the yard. It was then only a few inches deep.

From house to house he ran, hammering on doors, shouting a warning. But fast as he ran, the water was faster. Now it was swirling about his ankles as it turned from a stream into a river, from a river to a flood.

Down the road, Technical Sergeant Elwood Dixon was loading his wife and their three children into his car when the rushing water, now two feet deep and swirling with horrifying speed, caught up with them.

It was up to the engine of the car when Kilpatrick reached the Dixons. He grabbed two of the children, Dixon the other, and with Mrs. Dixon clinging to them they fought their way along the road that had so suddenly become a rushing torrent of gale-wild water.

A sturdy brick house loomed up ahead and they climbed, soaked and exhausted, onto the porch.

But Kilpatrick knew he had to go back to his own wife and child.

"You'll never make it," the others warned him.

But he went, Dixon with him.

The sea, pouring in through the gap it had torn in the bank, was now three feet deep in the valley, and deeper still where it had scoured the sandy surface into dangerous potholes.

Walking when they could, swimming where the ground vanished beneath their feet, Kilpatrick and Dixon came to a stone wall and pulled themselves up on it. Even as they did so, the raging water tore it down and dragged them back. Now it was four feet deep. . . .

IN THE Fecitt home, little Harriet did not understand what was happening when she saw the sea sweep into the yard.

"Mom," she called, "there's water outside."

Mary Fecitt jerked open the door to find the sea already lapping the topmost step of the porch.

As Frank scrambled from the bath, Mary, heedless of her own danger, plunged into the ice-cold water and made her way to the next house where two elderly spinsters lived alone. Frantically, she pounded on the door, but no one answered. (Next day the two old ladies were numbered among the dead.)

Mary battled her way back through the rising tide of debris-strewn water as Frank stepped off the porch with Harriet perched astride his shoulders.

"The railroad," he cried. "It's our only chance."

They pushed through the flood toward the high ground where the railroad ran, made it just in time, and started toward the distant lights of Hunstanton. Behind them, in the valley, the water was now five feet deep. . . .

Two hundred yards away, hidden by the darkness, Kilpatrick and Dixon were swimming for their lives against the deepening torrent. Somehow they made it to the Kilpatrick house. The roof was their only chance. Quickly, Dixon and the Kilpatricks climbed up, trembling in the icy cold. . . .

On other roof tops, away in the

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blackness, families, English and American, clung together, praying for help. Some, as their strength gave out, slid from their precarious perches into the surging water. . . .

When news of the disaster was phoned to the air base, there was a hurried call for volunteers. Medical supplies and rescue equipment were loaded into a truck, a 32-foot aluminum lifeboat was hitched on behind, men piled aboard, and the truck set off at top speed. More trucks, more boats, more equipment, more men, followed.

The gale was registering better than 130 miles an hour when the trucks arrived at the disaster area. Portable power lights were rigged to floodlight the dark waters as rescue boats were launched.

A great gust of gale lifted one bodily from the water. Another holed itself on a concrete post. The lifeboat, out of control, ran smack into Kilpatrick and his family drifting out to sea on a flimsy section of roof. Somehow they managed to scramble aboard. Then the lifeboat became wedged in a clump of trees.

The situation was becoming graver by the moment when Reis Leming, a 22-year-old, six-foot two-inch airman from Toppenish, Washington, had an idea. Two Englishmen helped him inflate a rubber dinghy. He put on an exposure suit, lowered himself into the water, took the nylon dinghy rope over his shoulder and began to swim.

Twice the gale carried the dinghy aloft like a kite. Once it took Leming with it, slamming him against the side of a wrecked house before dropping him back into the water. But, somehow, he got the dinghy alongside a house where there were people on the upstairs porch.

"Grab it," he shouted.

Women and children were lifted into the dinghy. The men, following Leming's example, lowered themselves into the icy water and helped him get the dinghy to the high ground.

Three times, Leming made the trip. He rescued 27 people and a shivering, wire-haired terrier.

The third trip his exposure suit struck a leak and filled with water. The bitter cold ate into him. With seven people in the dinghy, he started the trip back.

He was 20 yards from the high ground when a cramp seized him. Buddies plunged in to drag him—and the dinghy—to safety.

They rushed Leming to the base hospital where he came round from a 14-hour sleep to learn that he had been awarded the George Medal, second highest award Britain gives for non-combatant heroism, and that Queen Elizabeth II, touring the stricken area, had been asking about him. The George Medal went, too, to Staff Sergeant Kilpatrick.

Today, in the gardens in Hunstanton stands a simple stone tablet listing the names of the 11 Americans and 16 English the flood claimed for its own . . . a number which would have been doubled and trebled but for the heroism of the airmen of Sculthorpe on that terrible night the sea broke through.

THE BEST WAY to cheer yourself is to try to cheer somebody else up. —MARK TWAIN

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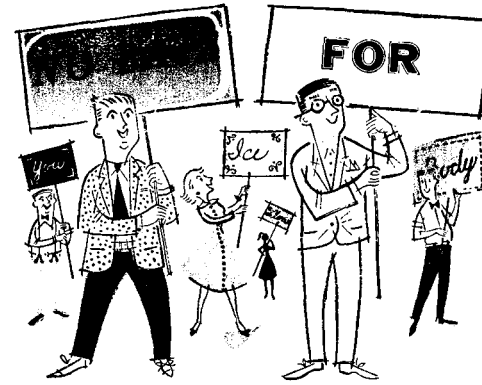
In your phone book you can find a source for a most fascinating game

by MIGNON MCLAUGHLIN



I KNOW a Miss Queen who was recently introduced at a party to a Mr. King. This mild coincidence so delighted the most simple-minded of their friends, namely me, that I went home, reached for the Manhattan telephone directory, and then got to thinking.

Isn't it a shame that Carl Hero has never met Caroline Coward; Mildred Back, Rudolph Forth; Gisella Kiss, Arthur Tell? Wouldn't it be fun to introduce Leonard Slap to Emma Dash; Leighla Whipper to Gilbert Snapper; Ida Love to Pierson Money; Sam Pipe to Augusta Down?

Inevitably, there were disappointments. Manhattan can produce no Mr. Plus for Florence Minus; no Miss Sink for H. Dudley Swim; no Me for Paul You; no Now for Martin Then; no Bats for Mrs. Mae Belfry; and nary a Soul for poor Alfred Body.

But for Leo Fine, I've got Lorraine Dandy; for Alice Ball, Benjamin Chain; for Ralph Straight, Rose Forward; for Eugene Early, Bonnie Bird; for Lester Dine, Priscilla Dance; for Rubin Grief, Rosella Joy; for Doris Bachelor, Chester Benedict; for Fred Lion, Marie Tiger; for Alfred Lotus, Margaret Blossom; for Viola Rubber, David Check; for Walter Christmas, Victoria Tree (perhaps they will opt for a double wedding with Jose Santa and Phoebe Claus); for Sarah Funny, Harry Bone.

I'm not stubborn enough to insist that all these people marry each other. I just want to get them together, that's all. Lots of them have things in common, if only they knew it. Take Marion Kitchen and James Police, who are neighbors down in Greenwich Village. Or John Neat and LeRoy Gaudy—they live in Washington Heights. Why couldn't Julia Super and Mary Man share an office? They're both doctors.

Some should certainly go into business together. Borden's would fear the partnership of Mr. Albert Milk and Mr. Herbert Cream. Jos. Lucky and Clifford Strike, Elias Pall and Nathan Mall, can reap a fortune writing cigarette testimonials. Free enterprise will be so much freer with James Shoe and Robert Stocking; Virginia Ice and Sonya Box. And the theater needs Helen Real and Ida Life.

If they don't get along, that's their concern. Just so they meet and I am there. Rudy Muck, I long to say, this is Siegfried Mire. Mary Dime, may I present Jocelyn

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Nickel. Robert Dollar—Raymond Bill; G. W. Bird—J. Brain; F. S. Sly—John Boots. Ralph Half—Ira Wit; Clifford Purse—C. James Proud; Hubert Rolling—Herbert Stone; Han Wie Tar, say hello to Leonard Feather.

What happier task than to bring face to face Myrtle Cash and Myrtle Carry! How rewarding to confront William Law with William Order; Frank Go with Frank Getter; Charles Noble with Charles Savage; Florence Jay with Florence Walker; Jack Hammer with Jack Sickle; William Still with William Waters; Elizabeth Hen with Elizabeth Peck.

Or is it their opposites they should be meeting? Does Hattie Black lead the sort of life that Hattie White only dreams of? Who has the Toni: Edna East or Edna West? Which is Jekyll and which Hyde, as between Felix Long and Felix Short; George More and George Less; Harry First and Harry Last; Frederic Rich and Frederic Poor; Henry High and Henry Low; Lena Summer and Lena Winter; George Sweet and George Sour?

My husband came home from the office and in a masterly way took the phone book from me. After an unconscionable amount of fumbling, he cried: "Here's one—Louise Meagher and Horace Pickens." I sent him out to dinner—and went back to James Sweet and James Dry; Willie Sharp and Willie Blunt; Julia Dowdy and Julia Smart; Harold Salt and Harold Pepper; William Pins and William Needles; Lydia Heart and Lydia Head. . . .

Then I aimed higher and began hunting triples. I found Danny Hope, Constance Faith and Thelma Charity. Or Nina Little, Elsa Boy, Neal Blue. After that: H. M. Win, Clyde Place, Joe Show—a definite improvement.

And then—well, I hardly know how to tell you, so simple it is, so classic, so perfect. The gem of my collection: Shirley Good, Shirley Better, Shirley Best. Doesn't this group truly fill you with awe?

I mean—Harold Group, Glyn Truly, John Fill, and Eleanor Awe.

Now that you know all about the facts that can be found in your directory, how about turning them into an amusing parlor game? For instance, given a certain amount of time, two or more persons could see how many names they can find that are well known in fiction, history and science.

You could vary the game in dozens of ways, with different subjects. But when you're through, you'll have to remember one thing: replace the phone book. You may have to look up a number some day.

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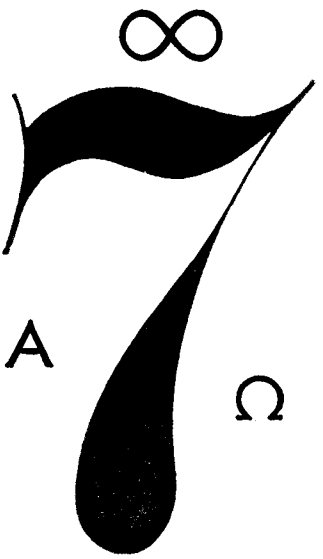
The Fantastic



Society

by POYNTZ TYLER

This student group is devoted to high purposes and high jinks—and only death reveals its members

AT MIDNIGHT one April 7th, the rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel at the University of Virginia was standing—watch in one hand, compass in the other—exactly seven paces from the door of Pavilion VII on the University's West Lawn.

At seven minutes past midnight he walked 77 paces east. Then he made a right turn of exactly 77 degrees and walked another 77 paces. There he halted.

"If the Bishop could see me now," he muttered, "I'd be busted to choirboy by morning."

Nevertheless, the rector took a silver serving spoon from his pocket and dug seven inches into the ground—where he found $1,777.77.

"God moves in a mysterious way," he said softly, "His wonders to perform." Then the rector went home to bed.

Actually, he saw nothing mysterious about this odd transaction. The money, according to an attached note, was to endow a pew in his new chapel.

The rector had known benevolence was afoot the minute someone heaved a rock through his window the night before. It had been accompanied by the instructions that he had followed so meticulously, a note of appreciation and $2.07 to pay for the broken pane. The note had not been signed, nor did it need to be. The profusion of sevens in the instructions was enough to tell him that the fabulous Seven Society, with ready cash, was up to good works.

The Seven Society, a mysterious

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student organization at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, is so secret that only death can reveal a man's membership. A huge floral piece arranged in the form of a 7 will then appear at his funeral.

The identity of living members is so closely guarded that a belief has sprung up around Charlottesville that the members don't even know each other. And, on the theory that it's unbecoming to spy on Santa Claus, nobody makes a serious effort to find out who they are. In fact, it is almost the reverse. For when a Dean of the college inadvertently stumbled into a conclave of seven masked figures one night, he closed his eyes and stumbled right out again—as upset and embarrassed as if he'd blundered into a ladies' room.

His *faux pas* was evidently excused, for at the reception marking his retirement a few years later he was presented with a silver pocket knife engraved with the Society's insignia—a 7 topped by the mathematical symbol for infinity and flanked by the Greek letters Alpha and Omega.

It was not a formal presentation, however. The Dean found it in his coat pocket when he got home. The *inside* pocket.

How members keep their identity secret is as mystifying as the Society itself, for many of their activities are so public—almost flagrant—that even an amateur detective should be able to spot the perpetrators.

One such incident occurred during commencement exercises in 1947, when an explosion startled the audience at the conclusion of the baccalaureate address and a check for $17,777.77 came floating down from above the proscenium arch.

The Bursar, to whom it was made out, had been instructed that it was for a loan fund to be disbursed from his office and named in honor of Dr. John Lloyd Newcomb, the retiring President of the University. Any student or faculty member would be able to borrow from it without security, without interest, and for any length of time he designated. But once this self-determined period was exhausted, there could be no extensions and the names of defaulters were to be published.

There have been none to date. But public dunning is unlawful in Virginia and this last provision has prompted many second year law students (notoriously at the height of their legal attainments) to ask the Bursar if the Seven Society couldn't be sued if it were carried out.

"Of course," he replies, "and if

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you'll give me their names I'll have them arrested."

Most Seven Society gifts are to—or in honor of—some respected University figure, and a 7 in some form is part of every gift. Through the years, 7 has become an intrinsic part of the University's outside *decor* as well.

Meticulously painted, and ranging up to 20 feet in height, there are 7s on walls, steps, sidewalks and streets—almost any stretch of masonry not protected by ivy or a cop. How they get there, in a community that is never completely tucked into bed, has baffled the University for half a century.

HOW OR BY WHOM the Seven Society was founded is not known. The generally accepted theory has it organized by seven bored students who had intended organizing two tables of bridge and couldn't find an eighth. It first appears on the written record on April 12, 1905, when the editor of the college paper let out a bleat against "adolescents" who were defacing the Rotunda—Thomas Jefferson's architectural masterpiece—with cabalistic signs.

Muted editorial sniping continued for five years, then suddenly reached crescendo in 1910 when the Society took offense at an editorial reference to it as a flock of juvenile pranksters—and that night painted 7s all over the editorial sanctum itself. The editor retaliated with a blast against their vandalism.

The Sevens went into virtual seclusion for five years, emerged in 1915 and immediately flabbergasted Dr. Edwin Anderson "Tony" Alderman, the University's President, with a gift of $500.07 for needy students. The money was found on his front porch one morning; and Dr. Alderman acknowledged it gratefully.

From then on, the Sevens were one with the angels around Charlottesville, and they have escaped deification only by an occasional reversion to the pranks that marked their youth.

After World War I, they celebrated with a dance that doubtless set a high water mark in anonymous entertaining. Orchestra, caterer and vintner were hired, instructed and paid by a series of young boys who didn't know who had engaged them. Invitations were sent out over the "signatures" of the seven members in the form of astronomical symbols for all the planets save Pluto.

At midnight, the guests were showered with confetti of paper 7s. They left at seven A.M. to the strains of "Good-night Ladies," played seven beats to the bar.

The party was never repeated, but the members manage to amuse themselves. And some form of largesse invariably accompanies every offense against property. If a plane drops 7s on a football game it will drop them only between the halves. Later, the groundskeepers will be given $1.77 an hour for sweeping them up.

Next to its membership, (Edward R. Stettinius Jr., one-time Secretary of State, was one of its most famous members), the ranking mystery about the Society has always been where its money comes from. Most of it must come from alumni members, for the more than $50,000 it has disbursed in gifts alone

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eliminates students as the sole source.

That the Society enjoys an A-1 credit rating is attested by the bills delivered at its mailing address, which is simply: "On The Mantelpiece, Madison Hall." All bills are promptly paid.

When a stonemason was instructed over the telephone to imbed a huge 7 in the grass-covered bank at one end of the football stadium, he never thought to ask for confirmation. He just went out and did it.

His charge was over $1,000 and he got the cash his last day on the job. It was in his lunch box.

After a half century, the University has come to look upon the Seven Society as a benevolent and omniscient elf with money. It remembers the little bags of money tossed into the room of some hard-pressed student. Then it will balance the paper 7 dangling from the seat of a stuffed-shirt's pants with the great bronze plaque mysteriously installed on a Rotunda wall that honors alumni killed in the war.

To at least one alumnus the Society's name will evoke even more than fond memories. As a student, he had been convicted—on a fellow student's corroborated evidence—of cheating on an examination.

To the Honor Committee, the case was closed. But to one member came the scent of perjury, and he wrote to the Sevens.

After weeks of secret investigation, the Society presented a dossier that proved the perjury of the accuser. He found it on his desk weighted down by a small brass 7.

An attached note gave him two alternatives: he could sign the dossier and send it to the Honor Committee as a full confession; or he could ask to be tried for bearing false witness. He chose to sign.

The role of Nemesis is probably not a congenial one to the Society, but its willingness to play it has given students the comfortable feeling that they live under the protection of an omniscient sprite—a mythical cross between Sir Galahad and Tom, the fun-loving Rover Boy.

The Suffragan (assistant) Bishop of South Carolina once summed it up neatly at an alumni dinner.

"It's like having a Suffragan God," he said.

In the Middle

(Answers to quiz on page 37)

1. John Nance Garner; 2. William Howard Taft; 3. Kenesaw Mountain Landis; 4. Allan Roy Dafoe; 5. James Caesar Petrillo; 6. Alfred Emanuel Smith; 7. Grover Cleveland Alexander; 8. Ulysses Simpson Grant; 9. Gilbert Keith Chesterton; 10. Joel Chandler Harris; 11. Thomas Alva Edison; 12. George Washington Carver; 13. John Foster Dulles; 14. Charles Dana Gibson; 15. James McNeill Whistler; 16. Louis Dembitz Brandeis; 17. John Jacob Astor; 18. J. Edgar Hoover; 19. George Herman Ruth; 20. Richard Evelyn Byrd; 21. Oveta Culp Hobby; 22. Alexander Graham Bell; 23. Henry Agard Wallace; 24. Stephen Collins Foster; 25. Samuel Langhorne Clemens; 26. Samuel Taylor Coleridge; 27. Ignace Jan Paderewski; 28. John Philip Sousa; 29. Edward Everett Hale; 30. James Truslow Adams; 31. Frank Lloyd Wright; 32. Francis Scott Key; 33. Thomas Riley Marshall; 34. Cornelia Otis Skinner; 35. John Davison Rockefeller.

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GOD HEALS "I DON'T"

So says Evangelist Oral Roberts who claims that faith cures whether in a revival tent, or over TV

by PHIL DESSAUER

A FEW MONTHS AGO, Bill McKechnie, the former major-league baseball manager, stood tensely with his wife before a shirt-sleeved evangelist in a Florida tent meeting. Mrs. McKechnie, he explained, was suffering from a "nervous depression," and 22 shock treatments had failed to restore her health.

The evangelist asked his congregation to join him in prayer as he placed his hands on Mrs. McKechnie's head and called on God for help. "Heal!" he cried. "Set her free!" He paused a moment, then shouted excitedly, "He's doing it!" The minister pressed the woman's head tightly, taut with concentration.

Suddenly, Mrs. McKechnie looked up at him and smiled—the first emotion she had shown—then she exclaimed rapturously, "I am myself again!"

Her husband, almost afraid to believe it, threw his arms around her and his voice choked as he said, "I'm overcome!"

After congratulations all around, the joyous McKechnies walked down a ramp to an exit, and another stepped up to be healed through "God's man for this hour," Rev. Oral Roberts of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

The "healing" of Mrs. McKechnie seemed wondrous to them, but it was routine to the ardent followers of Oral Roberts. These disciples tell of cripples who throw away their crutches and walk—or even run—when he prays for them; of men and women with broken necks who take off their braces at his touch; of victims of cancer, epilepsy and polio who marvelously recover through faith in God and contact with "Brother Roberts."

Mrs. Anna Williams, 22-year-old wife of an Air Force sergeant at Wichita Falls, Texas, reported last May that she was healed of injuries and an illness that had confined her to a wheel chair. She wasn't even touched by Roberts; her "miracle" came one day as he was praying into

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Cathedral Tent queues stretch endlessly as sick and halt wait turns to be healed.

her living room via a television set.

Mrs. Ethel Medford of Springfield, Massachusetts, wrote that after hearing Roberts' healing prayer on her radio she was cured of multiple sclerosis that had left her paralyzed and blind.

"I am not a healer," Oral Roberts insists. "I have no power to heal anyone; I am only an instrument in the hands of God. When God gives me the power, I can transmit His healing to those who have faith."

PRAISE FOR ROBERTS is not unanimous, however. There are many who consider him a kind of super-salesman of religion. And he doesn't deny that he uses every promotional device he can think of to "bring God to the masses."

To those who pledged $10 a month to support his work he has promised special prayers for spiritual and material rewards. "And if at the end of 1955 our prayers have not been answered so that all you have given during the year has not been returned to you through unexpected earnings," he said, "I will refund every dollar you have contributed. This is how much I believe in God . . ."

Wherever Roberts sets up his vast "cathedral tent"—largest in the world—sinners, as well as the sick and crippled, flock to him. He claims to have "saved" as many as 5,000 in one night, and his goal is to save a million souls this year.

"Turn your faith loose," he exhorts his audiences. He also urges them to turn some of their money loose for the Lord's work: "You can't outgive God."

This high-powered evangelism is a costly operation. For the 37-year-

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old Pentecostal Holiness preacher has an organization of some 180 employees and tremendous plans for what he calls his "Outreach for the World." His pulpit, he proclaims, is "the earth." By the end of 1955, he hopes to be working on a $3,000,000 annual budget, based entirely on freewill offerings and the sale of his literature.

His organization already owns a three-story office building in Tulsa, and is outgrowing it. Films of his tent meetings are shown weekly on almost 100 TV stations—he's aiming for 200 next year—and he broadcasts each week over some 250 radio outlets, including many overseas.

Since he started his TV broadcasts last February, Roberts' incoming mail has risen to more than 100,000 letters a month. He enlarged his tent to seat 14,000 and the first time he used it, at Florence, South Carolina, it couldn't handle the crowds. Two more sections were ordered to raise the capacity to 18,000. That day, 30,000 people crowded in and around the tent for the one meeting.

Roberts feels that he is ordained to carry God's healing power wherever it is needed. As he relates it, when he was a youth of 17, a victim of tuberculosis and a life-long stutterer, the Lord told him, "Son, I am going to heal you, and you are to take My healing power to your generation."

At that time, he lived with his parents near Ada, Oklahoma. His father, E. M. Roberts, was a preacher, and Oral was the youngest of five children. He says he received the message from God as he rode to a revival. He had been in bed for more than five months and was lying on a mattress in the back of a car. His oldest brother, Elmer, had used his last 35 cents to buy gasoline so that he could take Oral to

"I AM CURED, I AM CURED!" cry the worshippers, often before the laying on of hands.

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When Roberts' son fell ill he told God it was unfair, prayed him to recovery.

Rev. George Moncey, an evangelist.

His parents, he recalls, practically had to carry him up to the preacher, who said a short prayer commanding disease to leave him, in the name of Jesus Christ.

"Something struck my lungs, and I began tingling throughout my entire body," Roberts says. "A beautiful light engulfed me, and the next thing I knew, I was running back and forth on the big platform with my hands upraised, shouting at the top of my voice, 'I am healed! I am healed! I am healed!' "

Within two months, Roberts himself became a preacher. And the ex-stutterer is now a talker of the first order.

Oral Roberts and his wife Evelyn, a former Texas schoolteacher, have traveled a long way toward what they consider his destiny of saving souls for God on a worldwide basis. He is president and she secretary of Healing Waters, Inc., the corporation that forms the Oral Roberts organization. (Despite its name, he uses no "healing water" in his services. And when he dies, its assets will go to retired ministers of the Pentecostal Holiness, Church of God and Assembly of God denominations.)

For several years Mrs. Roberts worked regularly in the organization, but now most of her time is taken up with their four children: Rebecca, 15; Ronnie, 11; Richard, 7; and Roberta, 5. They live about

"The earth is my pulpit," he cries, "sells" religion like big business sells a product.

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14 miles south of Tulsa on their 240-acre Robin Hood farm, where Roberts is raising Aberdeen Angus cattle.

Once, he had to call on God to ward off illness in his own family. "It was about three years ago," he recalls. "I was flying home from a campaign and Richard became sick. When I walked in, he had a high fever and his leg was drawing up. We thought he had polio.

"I picked him up in my arms and prayed for him. I told God I had been out working for Him, trying to save other people, and I didn't think it was fair for my own son to be stricken. I prayed for about ten minutes; then the fever left and the drawing in the leg stopped."

His healing "miracles" do not come at will, for Roberts admits that he doesn't always carry God's power in his hand. "If I could bring healing to 25 per cent of those who ask for it, I'd be the happiest man in the world," he says. "When I have the power I can feel it surging through my right hand."

A big man, Oral Roberts stands six feet one. He weighs 195 pounds, and usually loses five of them in a campaign. His dark hair is parted just to the left of center, and sometimes a strand or two falls on his forehead in the heat of a sermon.

He calls himself a maverick, a "rebel against convention," and in many ways he doesn't fit the traditional preacher mold. He frankly regards the first 12 years of his 20-year ministry as wasted. Those were the years before he received the evangelistic call to save and heal. Saving souls comes first, he insists; healing the sick is secondary.

When Roberts is working in a

"God's power surges through my hand."

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As he delivers his two-hour-long supercharged sermon, he is a man possessed

campaign, he retires alone to his hotel room every afternoon about three to write his sermon. He constructs it point by point on a portable writing board in his lap, a clock before him.

"Its ticking seems to keep time as a spiritual transformation occurs, Roberts says. "I become anointed with God's word and the spirit of the Lord builds up in me like a coiled spring. By the time I'm ready to go on, my mind is razor-sharp. I know exactly what I'm going to say and I'm feeling like a lion."

At the meeting, when he signals that he is ready, an assistant announces him, and Roberts strides briskly through a door behind the speaker's platform, carrying his Bible. An organ peals out his theme song, "Where the Healing Waters Flow."

Roberts leads the singing, grabbing the microphone by the throat as if it were a demon. When the hymn is over, he shouts to his listeners, "Do you love the Lord tonight?"

They reply, "Amen!"

"Do you love Him with all your heart?"

There is another: "Amen!"

"Put up your hands and tell Him how much you love Him!"

Every hand goes up and on this rising tide of emotion Roberts takes over.

While he delivers a supercharged message that may last two hours, he is a man possessed. He plays his congregation like a symphony conductor. His voice crackles and blasts. His eyes flash and his expressive hands punctuate the words that rush from him in a torrent.

The sermon blends into the altar call—the summons to sinners to come forward and be saved. Throughout, the evangelist keeps an eye on the television camera, asking those at home to raise their hands, sing or pray along with the tent congregation. And when he has finished the soul-saving, he asks all repenting sinners in the TV audience to write him.

Some of the sick and injured are unable to come forward and now he goes to a special tent to pray for them. When he returns, Roberts takes off his coat and seats himself on a chair in front of his congregation. Behind him are local ministers who are sponsoring his campaign. Then the parade of the sick begins, and he tries to pray for each one, even on nights when he doesn't have the "power." Many are in a state of near-hysteria by the time they reach him.

Roberts acknowledges that some of the apparent "cures" in the tent are only temporary. But he can point to others who have written after two or three years to tell him that their healing has lasted. He is careful to state that he believes in medical science; he says those who come to him have already tried medicine.

After the service, he is literally limp. "I'm all played out," he describes himself. "I just want to get off and be by myself long enough to recover from the strain."

Asked recently if he feels any

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In Roberts' revival of emphasis on Christian healing there are no bars to age or race.

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After his supercharged sermons, the parade of the sick begins. In special tent he prays for the totally disabled, then returns to healing line in the main tent.

sense of rivalry with his fellow revivalist, Billy Graham, Roberts replied, "No, we're not in the same field. Graham is pricking the conscience of mankind with his hell fire and brimstone. I think he's doing a good job. But I'm in another realm, emphasizing the love and goodness of God."

Roberts keeps a close check on the finances of Healing Waters and has been known to count the offering personally at his services. Most of the decisions entailing large sums are his.

As a businessman-preacher, for example, he recently ordered a million copies of a religious comic book to be distributed in many parts of the world. He feels religion can be sold to great masses of people like any other "product." And he is a man in a hurry, for as he said not long ago, "I can't have any slow horses on my team and save a million souls a year."

Most of his life he has had to scrimp and he believes that now he can travel first-class. He dresses well, with a flair for sporty two-toned outfits, and drives a good car.

"God doesn't run a breadline," he explains. "I make no apology for buying the best we can afford. The old idea that religious people should be poor is nonsense. I think the millionaires of the world should be the people who are living right."

Healing Waters publishes *America's Healing Magazine*, a monthly, with more than 435,000 subscribers, and sells thousands of copies of Roberts' books, including his autobiography. The corporation has bought 175 acres of land at Tulsa for a new headquarters to be known

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as "City of Faith." The land was reported to cost some $250,000.

All this was made possible by a preacher who arrived in Tulsa in 1946 with $25 in his pocket. But Roberts is far from satisfied. His goal is a yearly budget of $4,000,000 which he believes will enable him to be on 200 TV and 500 radio stations once a week.

Currently, Healing Waters has a payroll of about $35,000 a month and each 10-day campaign is budgeted at $20,000. Roberts draws a salary from the organization, in addition to the "love offering" taken up for his family one night out of the ten in each campaign.

Most of the corporation's employees are women, nearly half of them hired to handle mail. (Six out of ten letters received contain money, but Roberts says non-donors are given equal consideration.) Employees must be Christians and must not use tobacco. There is a ban on cosmetics and "modesty" in dress is a must.

Employees start every workday with group prayer. Monday through Thursday there is five minutes of singing and praying for the program and its supporters; and Friday a 30-minute get-together, usually featuring one of Roberts' TV films or a sermon.

If a visitor asks a Healing Waters girl what she is doing, the answer is supposed to be, "I'm winning souls." One day Roberts decided to demonstrate this to a guest. "Pick out a girl," he urged, "and ask her what she's doing."

About that time a young stenographer came by and Roberts stopped her himself. "What are you doing?" he asked meaningfully.

The girl looked at him as though this was the silliest question of the day. "I just finished lunch," she said.

The evangelist put on successful campaigns in the Holy Land and South Africa last year, and is planning to preach soon in Korea, the Philippines and Australia. He sees almost no limit to the souls that can be saved through the "World Outreach" plan. There is talk of publishing Healing Waters material in 50 languages.

Among Roberts' more outspoken critics are ministers of the Church of Christ, who believe no man has divine healing power and that Roberts' performance is a "sham and hoax," preying on ignorance. In several cities they have publicly offered $1,000 reward for proof of "miraculous divine healing." At Phoenix, Arizona, they left printed cards on automobiles that were parked at Roberts' revival grounds. "Oral Roberts," said the cards, "will you meet us in public discussion?"

Roberts ignores all this. "I'm so busy ministering to people who do believe that I see no sense in devoting time to those who don't," he says. "I'm not quarreling with anybody . . . I just promote my product."

He is more interested in people like the young woman whose boy friend, sitting beside her at a Roberts meeting, refused to be saved and mocked her until she could stand it no longer. "All right," she said firmly, "if you won't go to heaven with me, I'm not going to hell with you!" And with that she moved up front and "gave her heart to God."

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Contrary to old-time beliefs, intelligence tests are no longer considered static, unchangeable measures of a youngster's mental capacities

How to Raise Your

by BENJAMIN FINE

AS SCHOOLS REOPEN this fall, millions of children will get IQ tests which presumably measure their intelligence. Their parents will blindly accept the results, along with the word of educators and psychologists that a child's intelligence does not change, that it can be accurately measured, and that these IQ tests can measure it.

If a child is born with an IQ (intelligence quotient) of 100 (average) he will die with that IQ. So runs the school's fairy tale. Either the child is dumb (below 100), average (100 to 130), or he is a genius (above 130).

Teachers pass on the IQ test results from one grade to the next. Even though the test is given the child in the first grade when he may be only 5½ years old, it is still unchallenged in the 8th grade, when he is close to 14.

I have heard a 6th grade teacher say: "What did Johnny do on his IQ test last year? 103? Then he won't be so bright in class." Or: "Mary? Over 126? Then I know she'll be an A student."

This can be a tragic mistake, for evidence is piling up that your child's IQ—or even your own—can be raised or lowered. The IQ is not the static, unchangeable straitjacket that psychologists thought it was a half century ago when Alfred Binet, the French scholar, tested a large number of children and then struck an average for all.

For nearly 50 years, educators have smugly accepted the IQ scores as pretty much gospel truth. But, meanwhile, our knowledge of child psychology has grown. We know now that the child's personality, his social attitude, his character, his physical development or emotional balance, affect his intelligence.

We know that the IQ can change, can fluctuate, can go up or down. IQ tests do not measure drive, nor the ability of your child to get ahead, either in school, business, at home or in the world at large. They do not measure leadership, character, ambition, or creative ability. Nor do they measure common sense or native intelligence.

For those of you who take the IQ tests too seriously, my advice is—don't! Your child isn't necessarily a dunce if he shows up with a low IQ.

Several years ago, the "unchanging" IQ tests were dealt a severe jolt by Dr. Bernardine G. Schmidt, while working at Northwestern Uni-

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Child's

versity, who conducted a remarkable experiment with 322 children with low IQs. Dr. Schmidt gave them work in special classes—they weren't bright enough to go to a regular school. All were considered feebleminded.

At the end of the study, most of the children had caught up with their normal classmates. Some had raised their IQ scores by as much as 70 points; and the group showed an average increase of nearly 41 points. This was revolutionary!

Other educators have also shown that your child's IQ will go up or down, depending on his environment, whether he is happy or unhappy at home, whether he is in good physical shape.

The other day, a distraught parent came in to see me.

"Can you help me find a school for my boy?" he pleaded.

"What's the trouble?" I asked. "I thought he was all set."

"He was. But when the school gave him his IQ test, he only hit 105. They won't take him."

"Why not re-test him," I said, suggesting a well-known college.

My friend came to see me a couple of weeks later, grinning widely.

"Imagine that! The boy's in the upper 97th percentile. And his IQ is 135. I'll find a good school for him now."

What happened? Was the first test right . . . or the second . . . or neither?

Professor Irving Lorge of Teachers College, Columbia University, has an explanation for this discrepancy. "It depends, to a degree, upon how the child feels when he takes the tests," said Professor Lorge, one of the nation's top-ranking educational psychologists. "He might have had a bad night, or the jitters, or a fight with his older brother.

"I recently had a student who was in the lower 20 per cent of the class when he came to me. He ended in the upper 20 per cent. I found that he had some emotional problems that troubled him. When they were cleared up, he was able to perform to his full capacity."

Mark C. Roser, Director of the Pupil Personnel Department of the Gary, Indiana, Public Schools, has also done a remarkable job in blasting the IQ fetish. Mr. Roser's department gives counselling services to children and parents of children who are slow learners.

These children do not get along in school; they often quarrel with

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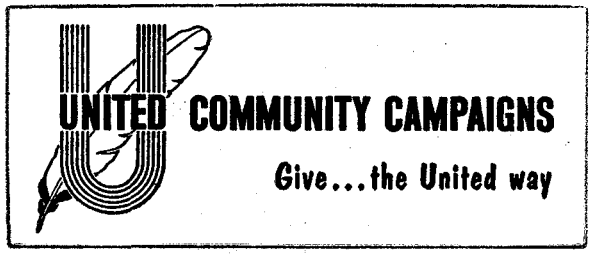

other students, fight with their teachers, become obstinate in class. They are the problem cases of the ordinary schoolroom. Yet, basically, nothing is wrong with them.

A close study of their needs showed that they were starved for affection. Some had become discouraged and found failure the easiest way out. Still others came from the poorer sections of the city and just couldn't understand the vocabulary used in school.

Mr. Roser doesn't worry about the physical equipment of the school, or the curriculum. The important thing, he believes, is that the very slow learners are in a group with other children like themselves, where they will be much happier.

For example, one girl of ten had an IQ of 90—definitely below normal. But when taken out of her regular classroom she responded beautifully. Within a year, the dullard of 90 became the superior child of 120.

Danny, a tousled-haired 11-year-old, confided shyly, "Once I didn't like school, but I like it fine now."

A year ago the tests showed Danny had an IQ of 66—a low moron. But with special school treatment, he began to blossom out. By the end of the year he was in a regular class.

Why did he fail so badly in his original IQ tests?

"When I first took 'em I couldn't understand 'em," Danny explained simply. "Some of it sounded like strange talk to me. But now I know the words and it's easy."

By knowing the words, the youngster's IQ jumped from a sickly 66 to a normal 98.

Professor Allison Davis, famous University of Chicago psychologist, working with a group of colleagues, found that standard IQ tests are unfair to just about half the children in our schools. The existing tests favor city children from most middle-class homes, and penalize children from the South, from farms and slum areas. They measure the information that the children picked up at home, at the opera, at school, in the neighborhood movie or on street corners. They do not measure native or real intelligence.

For example, here is a sample problem from a popular IQ test: A symphony is to a composer as a book is to what? ( ) paper; ( ) sculptor; ( ) author; ( ) musician; ( ) man.

Dr. Davis revised this to read: A baker goes with bread the same way that a carpenter goes with what? ( ) a saw; ( ) a spoon; ( ) a house; ( ) a nail; ( ) a man.

On the problem dealing with the symphony, 81 per cent of the children from the upper income group got the right answer, while only 52 per cent of the lower income group children answered it correctly. But when it was revised, an equal percentage of each group answered

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correctly. Not many children in the lower economic levels had heard of a symphony; children from both groups had heard of a baker.

Convinced that the IQ tests do not measure intelligence, the University of Chicago psychologists prepared a set of tests that gets at the native mental alertness of the child. In the new tests, the problems are taken from experiences that are equally common to all. It was found that many children who did poorly in old-style tests have higher IQs than such tests indicated.

Tests also revealed that the great difference which is supposed to exist between the average intelligence of the children of working families and those of professional families has been greatly overestimated.

From the child's point of view, some of the questions on the standard IQ tests are silly. Occasionally they give answers which are better than those which the test-makers themselves have provided.

On one test, a child was asked to "associate" words. Opposite "fudge" she wrote "scorch." "Candy," "sweet" or "chocolate" would have been acceptable, but not "scorch." So she was marked zero.

"Why did you write scorch?" I asked, curious.

She smiled, showing two pretty dimples, "My aunt makes a lot of fudge, and she scorches it all the time."

Frankly, I'd mark her 100 per cent right on that answer!

A seven-year study, made at Teachers College by a team of educators, doctors and psychologists, found that an increase in vitamins in the regular daily diet of 1,200 women during part of their pregnancy and the nursing period raised the IQ of their children as much as eight points. Here we see a direct relationship between the health of the mothers (all of whom came from a tenement section) and the IQs of their children.

On the adult level, the IQ can change, too. Twelve men and women spent nine months at Cold Spring Institute in New York State. They were from 55 to 77 years old. With a stimulating program, they blossomed out. At the end of the school year, their IQs jumped an average of five points. In some cases it went up 12 points.

It is cruel to say of children in the first grade, before they even get a chance to unfold intellectually: these are the hopeless ones.

Some children actually improve as they grow older. Late bloomers, they are called. They blossom at age 10, 12 or 14, rather than 6 or 8, when most IQ tests are first given. At the early age, the child, as measured by IQ tests, is unjustly labeled as dumb, and goes through school with two strikes against him.

YOUR CHILD'S—and your own—IQ can be raised. Here are four ways to do it:

1. *Improve the emotional climate in the home.* Many low IQ children are emotionally, not mentally, stunted.

An emotionally disturbed child is unable to keep his mind on his studies. His motivation is poor. He just doesn't care whether he gets a good score or not.

Encourage your child, don't nag. And don't compare him unfavorably with others. Make your home a happy, pleasant one. For a happy child will almost always be able to

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function to his fullest capacity.

2. *Check the physical condition of your child.* Sometimes low IQs are caused by a physical ailment.

Your child may need glasses. He may have poor hearing. Or his tonsils may be infected. A child who suffers from hay fever or asthma sometimes is unable to perform at his best. A constant cold may indicate lowered all-around resistance.

Take your child to the doctor for a physical checkup. Keep him in good physical trim. Wholesome food and a healthy body will make for a healthy, alert mind—and a higher IQ.

3. *Improve your child's cultural life.* Frequently, a child with a poor IQ is handicapped because he hasn't had the same opportunity to see or hear about things that his classmates have.

Even if you can't afford to take your child to the opera or symphony concerts, there are probably free museums, libraries or historical sites in your town. This will help develop his mental capacities—and with it his IQ will increase.

4. *Stimulate mental ability of your child to a maximum.* Many children do not work up to their mental capacities. Because of lack of stimulation at home, they become lazy, or just don't care.

Take a more active interest in your child. Fill your shelves with good books. Subscribe to good newspapers and magazines. Discuss current issues at the supper table. Through example, help him *want* to be smart. And at the same time, *your* IQ is likely to go up too!

Above all, don't let the IQ scores throw you. We'd be better off if we threw them out of the academic window. They cost millions of dollars a year—and create much unhappiness and heartache.

No one, not even learned psychologists with measurement rods, should play God. We don't know enough about the human mind to say that your child has an unchangeable, fixed IQ. No child has yet been born who does not respond to love and affection, to good food and a happy home, to proper supervision and warm friends.

NOODLE ANNOYERS

Weights & Measures

1. IDENTICAL CUPS of tea and coffee are filled to the same level. A teaspoonful of tea is transferred to the coffee cup. The mixture is then thoroughly stirred, and one teaspoonful of it is transferred back to the teacup. Is there more tea in the coffee cup than there is coffee in the teacup? Maybe it's too easy.

2. A SIMPLE Noodle Annoyer that's short and sweet: A brick weighs six pounds and half a brick. What is the weight of the brick? And please don't say nine pounds. (Answers on page 73.)

—CEDRIC ADAMS, *Poor Cedric's Almanac* (Doubleday & Co.)

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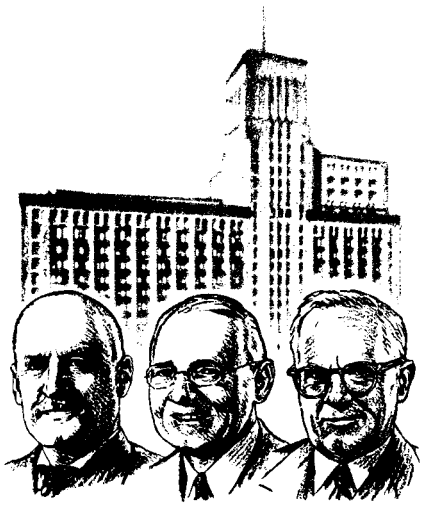
HUDSON'S OF DETROIT



Founder Joseph L. Hudson and his nephews, Richard H. and Oscar Webber.

by TOM MAHONEY

With 49 acres of floor space and nearly 600,000 items, it has the largest sales volume of any store

A YOUNG MERCHANT named Joseph Lothian Hudson was one of thousands to whom the financial panic of 1873 was a cruel blow. In partnership with his father, 27-year-old Hudson was running a men's clothing store in the lumber town of Ionia, Michigan, when the sawmills shut down and Hudson's customers could not pay their bills.

The father died, partly from worry, but young Hudson struggled on for three years, then went bankrupt. He paid his creditors 60 cents on the dollar—and started all over again.

In 12 years, by remarkable enterprise, he owned a large store in Detroit. Even more remarkable, he looked up all the creditors whose claims had been erased by the bankruptcy proceedings and paid them in full, with compound interest. Such action is rare enough at the present time; in 1888, it astounded the business world.

David T. Leahy of E. H. Van Inger & Company in New York wrote: "We wish to make known to you our appreciation of your high sense of commercial honor as shown by your payment—in a quiet and unostentatious way—of principal and interest of debts forgiven by your creditors many years ago and indeed almost forgotten by them. Your failure was an honest one that left no stain upon your reputation. You could have found plenty of plausible reasons for not paying when you became able to. You chose the high and manly course."

This letter is cherished today in the great Detroit department store of J. L. Hudson Company, and the integrity which it memorializes is one of the reasons Hudson's has 49 acres of floor space and in 1954 had sales of more than $163,000,000. For months at a time, sales volume exceeds that of Macy's main store in

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New York, and makes Hudson's "the biggest store in the world."

Hudson's closest retail competitor in Michigan is, oddly enough, its own four-acre, two-level basement store which boasts the largest basement volume anywhere; and, when opened last year, Hudson's remarkable Northland development was the world's largest suburban shopping center.

Another reason for Hudson's success is the completeness of the assortment of merchandise offered its 100,000 daily customers. In an institutional advertisement, it once boasted carrying 553,921 items "A to Z—from antimacassars to zippers, aspirin to zwieback."

Detroit's largest bookstore, drugstore and toy store are all Hudson departments. The drug department, which employs 21 registered pharmacists, offers 50,000 items. To serve Detroit's polyglot population, its clerks speak 14 languages and its stock includes ancient and exotic remedies as well as the sulfas and antibiotics.

Related selling is heavily emphasized at Hudson's. Along with a mattress, for instance, the store exhibits everything related to it, such as bedroom furniture, bedding, pajamas, nightgowns, bedroom slippers and even an alarm clock. Numerous weddings are outfitted completely, even to the bride's flowers and tickets for a honeymoon trip.

JOSEPH LOTHIAN HUDSON, founder of this giant enterprise, was born in 1846 in England. His father, Richard Hudson, ran a small tea and coffee business until 1853, then migrated to Canada and found a job with the Grand Trunk Railroad at Hamilton, Ontario. Two years later the family followed.

At 13, young Joseph got his first job as a telegraph messenger. Then the family moved to Grand Rapids, Michigan, where Joseph finished his eighth year of school.

Then, in 1861, they moved to Pontiac. There Joseph, now 15, went to work for Christopher R. Mabley, who was running a men's clothing store. The first month he paid young Hudson $4. The youth showed such an aptitude for the business that it was not long before he was drawing $500 a year and board. The store volume rose from $25,000 to $100,000 a year.

Later, Mabley opened a store in Ionia in partnership with Hudson's father and, in 1865, the elder Hudson bought out Mabley's interest and induced 19-year-old Joe to take over the management. It had attained a volume of $40,000 a year when the Big Panic came in 1873.

With this store bankrupt, young Hudson again became an employee of Mabley, this time as manager of his Detroit store while Mabley went abroad for a vacation. At the end of three years, after Mabley had given him a quarter interest in the store and a guarantee of $7,500 a year, Hudson opened his own men's and boys' clothing business in Detroit, not far from his present site.

Within a few years, Hudson had paid his old Ionia debts, owned eight stores, and was the largest individual buyer and retailer of men's clothing in the country. However, business troubles following the Depression of 1893 caused the sale or liquidation of all the stores except the main one in Detroit.

The store was successful and in

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1895 was incorporated as The J. L. Hudson Company. Ten years later, a 10-story building was added to the store and the founder shortened working hours with the comment, "It has been shown we can produce with the same labor in eight hours what we used to produce in 12."

Hudson became perhaps the foremost philanthropist of Detroit. He gave both time and money to charitable and civic endeavors, and went out of his way to aid unfortunates, to work for prison reform, and to help those who were down.

HUDSON'S had sales of about $2,000,000 a year when its founder died, unmarried, in 1912 and left the store to his nephews, "the Webber boys." Richard, Oscar, James, Joseph and James B. Webber, Jr., a great nephew of the founder, are top executives of the store, which is family-owned as well as family-managed.

The spectacular growth of Detroit and the enterprise of the Webbers over four decades have combined to multiply sales 75 times. Physical expansion, too, has continued. In floor space under one roof, Hudson's is now second only to Macy's, while its 25 stories make it the tallest department store in the world.

The building contains five restaurants and an employees' cafeteria, 705 fitting rooms and a store hospital which includes a dental department and a 50-bed silence room where employees may relax during rest periods.

Suburban shopping centers naturally came under consideration as Detroit's traffic congestion increased. It was decided to build three, to be known respectively as Northland, Eastland and Westland.

After several years of planning, the first of these centers, Northland, was completed in 1954 at a cost of $25,000,000.

Hudson's Northland store is located at the center of the big development and adjoined by 75 other stores, shops and restaurants. Surrounding all the structures is the largest all-paved shoppers' parking lot in the world, providing space for more than 7,500 automobiles.

A combination of beauty and efficiency, Northland was designed by Vienna-born architect Victor Gruen, who provided, among other things, a traffic pattern which assures safety and convenience for the family car by putting all truck traffic underground. The Hudson store and Kroger supermarket deliver by belts and chutes a customer's packages to a pickup station into which the shopper can drive his car.

Hudson's Northland has its own training department for converting local housewives into efficient salespeople. The store also has its own trucks, operated by 280 men who drive 3,000,000 miles a year, deliver 11,000,000 packages.

Once, a thankfully weeping mother called the store. She was away when the driver arrived at the house, to be met by her young son holding a revolver and bullets, belonging to his dad. The driver took the pistol and got a next-door neighbor to take over until the mother returned.

It is this attitude of helpfulness, characteristic of the 14,000 employees of Hudson's, that makes Hudson's one of the greatest department stores of modern times.

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At 52 Frank Parker still has the bounce that won him fame 30 years ago

by HERBERT DALMAS

THE CAREER OF Frank Parker, quadruple-threat tenor of the Arthur Godfrey shows, is a success story that violates all the rules. He broke into show business by accident and rose swiftly and easily to the top, although he never wanted to be a star.

He has spent considerable time and money trying to get into other lines of work. In the early '40s, he bred race horses. None ever won a decent purse. Later, he organized a radio transcription company with modest success. Then, in 1945, he put $250,000 into a Miami nightclub, expecting to retire. It took just four years to lose that.

Recently, he set up a corporation to produce movies for television. Asked if he intended to give up singing if it's a success, he said, "Are you kidding? I've got a *job*. You don't know what it means to have a job until you've really been broke."

"This company," he added in the wistful language of the horse player, "is just so I'll have something when I get too old to sing."

This constitutes a major change in the Parker attitude. He has always been a carefree exponent of the you-can't-take-it-with-you philosophy. But now he has lawyers, accountants and a business manager to see that he at least keeps some of it. With a gross income rumored to be in excess of $75,000 a year, the danger is not imminent.

Since singing, to Frank Parker, is no greater effort than breathing, it seems unlikely that he will ever get too old for it. But if he does, he has other talents. He is a better than average hoofer. He is almost as good an ad libber as Godfrey himself. And he has an indescribable quality that makes women's eyes shine at the mere mention of his name.

As one crew member put it, "When Frank steps before the cam-

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eras and is introduced, you can hear a sort of crackling all through the house—kind of like electricity."

The fact that Parker is 52 years old seems rather to increase than to diminish this effect. And the reaction takes place regardless of feminine age. From 20 to 80, it's the same.

Women, questioned on this subject, explained: "It's his personality." "I don't know—it's something about him." "It's his sense of humor."

Frank Parker spent the first 20 years of his life on the West Side of New York, and there are still traces of it in his speech and dead-pan flipness of manner.

He is given to making up nicknames for people—only it is the same nickname for everyone. Recently, everybody in the crew and company was "Max"—even Godfrey himself—which naturally caused a certain confusion.

Another thing the crew likes about him is his complete absence of vanity. Where many celebrities worry about how they look and, not too unreasonably, want their best side presented to the merciless lens of the cameras, Frank doesn't care.

Parker was born Francis Joseph Papa in a cold water flat on Manhattan's Tenth Avenue, a very tough neighborhood. He was one of seven children.

When he was in his teens he changed his name to Frank Parker. "If I got into a bad jam," he explains now "I didn't want it to reflect on my family."

When he was ten, his father, an immigrant Italian, made him join the choir at the Church of the Holy Name. From the beginning, he was assigned solo parts because, as he puts it, "I could sing notes that went right up off the scale."

When his voice changed, it became a tenor with the same range. In an Italian community, a voice like that commands respect approaching adulation. Whenever there was a neighborhood party, he had to be there to entertain.

One spring morning in 1923, a neighborhood acquaintance, a small-time vaudevillian, invited him to go along to the Palace to see the new bill. En route, they stopped to see the actor's agent.

The agent ignored the actor. But he practically threw his arms around Parker.

"Where in the world have you been?" he exclaimed. "Meet me at the George M. Cohan Theater this afternoon. I've got a deal for you."

To this day, Parker has no idea who the agent thought he was. But "deal" suggested money, and he was intensely interested in that. So he arrived at the appointed place, along with a couple of dozen aspirants for chorus spots in a new musical, "Little Nellie Kelly."

Parker took his turn and sang a few songs. The director was delighted.

"Let's see you dance," he said.

Parker couldn't dance, so he imitated a waltz clog routine he had seen numerous times in vaudeville.

"You're horrible," the director told him. "But dancing is something you can learn—and I can't afford to let that voice get away from me."

By the time "Little Nellie Kelly" closed, he could dance well enough to get song and dance parts in "No, No, Nannette," "The Greenwich Village Follies," and a musical romance called, "My Princess." Then

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he found himself back on the beach.

The only job he could find was hustling songs around Broadway. This meant that he visited the music publishing houses and sang their products for prospective buyers.

"A buck here—a buck there," he describes this period, "and whether you ate or not depended on the distance between here and there."

ONE DAY IN 1927 another singer told him, "Why don't you try radio? Over at NBC they pay you 50 dollars just for singing one song."

Parker says he found himself sprinting through the NBC door before he stopped to think that he was probably the victim of a practical joke.

To his astonishment, they put him in the chorus on a show that very day. He sang one song—and was handed a check for 50 dollars. It was like a dream.

Anyone who has heard Frank Parker sing—which means 70 or 80 million radio and television addicts—knows he is a lyric tenor who strolls through the upper reaches of the scale in a notably offhand manner.

Such singers are hard to come by, and the director invited him to audition for solo work. To his further amazement—he couldn't even read music—he passed the audition and was given a contract.

In those days—radio was just emerging from the crystal set stage—a contract meant singers were paid so much per song, and the more you sang the more you got. Parker managed to sing on at least four shows a night; sometimes six.

One night, he closed a show with a solo at seven-thirty. He was scheduled to open another at seven-thirty—in a studio just two floors down.

He finished the song, leaped down the stairs, and entered the second studio as the announcer said, "And now we will hear Frank Parker sing—"

Parker reached the microphone as the orchestra finished the introduction. He had a copy of the song: he knew the tune, but he had never seen the words. He whipped it out of his pocket, opened his mouth to sing—and found there were no words.

All he had was the cover. The sheet with the lyrics had somehow gotten lost during the evening.

There was a split second of panic—and then Parker started to sing. He sang the song through to the end without a hitch, making up lyrics as he went along.

This incident established him as a pro, a reputation that has since grown.

With his remarkable voice there wasn't much he could do but become a star. Eventually he was given shows of his own. On one of these he presented for the first time a young comic named Bob Hope.

People who meet Parker invariably remark on his easy-going manner. It is impossible for him to worry about a problem until he is face to face with it, "And then," he says, "you don't have time to worry." This gift for relaxation is one reason why he looks at least ten years younger than his age.

He keeps a rigid schedule: five days a week he is up at seven and at the studio at nine for a last rehearsal before going on the morning show, "Arthur Godfrey Time." Afternoons he rehearses for that show and for "Arthur Godfrey And

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His Friends," which is on every Wednesday night. Whenever possible he is in bed by midnight.

His contract allows him several weeks off a year during which time he makes night club appearances, on the practical theory that a television singer should be seen in person whenever possible.

Frank Parker has always made friends easily, and his friendships have a way of lasting.

In the '30s, he sang the male lead in "La Traviata" with the Chicago Opera Company on a tour which began in Washington, D.C. The house sold out after the first couple of performances, due partially to the plugs of a local disc jockey. Parker stopped in to thank the man.

"I'm happy to meet you," the platter spinner said when Parker had introduced himself. "My name is Godfrey—Arthur Godfrey. How about singing a song for us?"

This was the first time Parker realized the mike was open and their conversation had been going out over the air. He said he hadn't come there intending to sing—

"That'll be fine," said Godfrey. "I'll see you in a little while."

He walked out of the room.

Parker was too much of a trouper to walk out after him. Besides, he and Godfrey had obviously taken an instant liking to each other. So he sang a few songs.

Later, when Godfrey came to New York, Parker introduced him to all the top brass he knew in radio. He insists, though, that this had nothing to do with Godfrey's career.

After his disastrous experience with the Florida nightclub following World War II, Parker arrived in New York, broke. He went to see Godfrey and told him the facts.

"Well," said Godfrey, "why don't you drop around to the show tomorrow? If you like it, maybe I can fit you into a guest spot some time."

The next day, Godfrey called him up from the studio audience. They chatted a few moments before the microphone; then Godfrey asked if he'd sing a song—just for old time's sake.

Parker sang and, as they say in show business, the audience tore the house down. He has been one of the mainstays of the Godfrey shows ever since.

It would be difficult to name a branch of show business Parker hasn't worked in—vaudeville, nightclubs, radio, TV, movies, opera, even one appearance in a legitimate drama called "Howdy, Stranger."

He was asked not long ago what he did in his spare time.

"If I get a couple of hours off," he said, "I look up my old singing teacher and have a lesson."

"What about hobbies?"

"I guess," he smiled, "my hobby is singing."

Weights & Measures

(Answers to Noodle Annoyers on page 66)

1. More tea in the coffee cup.

2. The brick weighs 12 pounds.

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At last these neglected people can find help when they leave their barren reservations to seek work in our big cities

New Deal for America's

by MADELON GOLDEN and LUCIA CARTER

THREE YOUNG NAVAJO INDIANS, fresh from a New Mexico reservation, climbed into a taxi in front of Chicago's Union Station recently. They had $20 in their pockets, rooms at the YMCA and promises of factory jobs.

But by the time they reached the "Y" they had spent most of their savings on a "sightseeing" cab ride. Particularly fascinating to the young men—who had seen few paved roads of any kind—was the double-decked boulevard on the edge of the Loop, where they kept the driver circling in and out among the steel-and-concrete pillars for the better part of the afternoon.

These three Navajos were among the nearly 3,000 Indians from 40-odd tribes who have moved to Chicago under a revolutionary new program. The Bureau of Indian Affairs of the U. S. Department of the Interior offered them assistance in coming to the city, found jobs and homes for them, and is helping them adjust to the new way of life.

More than $1,000,000 of the BIA's Congressional allocations has been poured into this nationwide plan within the last two years. With Chicago serving as a pilot project, it has now spread to Denver, Los Angeles, and Oakland, California, and the BIA is considering future relocation projects in other cities.

Relocation is a new approach to an old problem. The nation's 56,000,000 acres of Indian land have, for the most part, degenerated into outdoor slums where mere subsistence is difficult. The soil is often unsuitable for farming. There are not enough job opportunities. (Most reservation Indians in the West and Southwest are on relief from three to eight months of each year.) Ill health is prevalent.

The relocation program grew gradually out of a 1947 attempt to relieve the plight of the Navajo Indians by finding them temporary agricultural and railroad jobs.

A BIA office was set up on the south fringe of the Loop in November, 1951. Kurt Dreifuss, who had been in employment counseling and rehabilitation work in Chicago for 30 years, was named relocation officer. His staff of specialists in housing, welfare and employment today includes eight professionals, in addition to Dreifuss and three Indian clerks.

The first few relocatees arrived

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Indians

in January, 1952, after BIA representatives on the reservations had spread word of the new opportunity. The program, they explained, included transportation to Chicago and subsistence expense—$30 a week for a worker and $10 for each dependent—for four weeks, until the first paycheck came in.

Many of the relocatees had quit school in the elementary grades and their only previous experience has been in temporary odd jobs or seasonal work on railroads, farms and ranches. So they frequently start as unskilled laborers—assemblers, material handlers, hospital orderlies and stevedores. However, some are learning trades or qualifying for promotions on the job.

There are more jobs than places to live in Chicago. However, one-bedroom and two-bedroom furnished apartments are plentiful and to the Indians, used to living in cabins and mud huts, anything more than one room looks spacious.

To a woman who has been keeping house under such primitive conditions, even an outdated gas range represents luxury. Often, it is their first encounter with running water.

For the Indian, adjustment to Chicago is often more difficult than for immigrants from other countries. He has been suddenly transplanted from the protective paternalism of the reservation, leaving behind an isolated pattern of living established centuries ago.

In situations of distress, the Indian often remains proudly silent. One relocatee was "lost" in his room for 24 hours. He had lost the BIA address. And although he had the phone number he was "ashamed" to ask how to dial.

A common complaint is about the noise, tension and speed of city life. Many Indians climb the stairs to Dreifuss' fifth-floor office rather than tackle that fearful contraption —the elevator.

For women, the restriction of an apartment is especially depressing. Some have locked themselves in their rooms, afraid to go out and tackle the supermarkets.

"But as long as we have good jobs, we're going to stay," an ex-GI from New Mexico says. "Our children have a chance here."

The subtleties cause even more trouble in the long run than the physical aspects of city living.

"You were taught to resist high-

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pressure salesmanship. Most of us never heard of it until we got taken," lamented a Zuñi who had bought a car and TV set on the installment plan, and had lost both possessions and money when he couldn't meet the payments.

Probably typical of the Indians who have made the grade in Chicago is a Hopi who discovered that his ill health was a result of poor diet, corrected the condition and is now a key man on an assembly line.

The relocation program, of course, is not the answer for every Indian who tries it. So far, about two-thirds of those who have come to Chicago are still employed there or in other urban centers. Recently the BIA office reported that of some 3,000 Indians who had come to Chicago under the program, about 2,000 were still there. Of the others, roughly 600 had returned to their reservations and about 400 had struck out on their own.

The Bureau estimates that income taxes now being paid by relocatees earning steady wages for the first time have, alone, largely repaid government investment in resettlement.

There is no doubt of the success of the Chicago experiment. True, the present generation of relocated Indians, handicapped by lack of education and unfamiliarity with urban culture, fill the lesser jobs, live in the lesser neighborhoods. But the overwhelming majority are doubtlessly better off from every angle. Their children, of course, will make the great gains and flow most easily into their rightful place in the mainstream of American life.

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PROMISCUOUS WOMEN CAN BE CURED

by ROY WALCOTT VAN HORN

Behind her desperate drive for love is an illness which the amoral female must recognize and understand

UNTIL RECENTLY, promiscuity in women had been looked upon only as a moral problem. The promiscuous woman, like the alcoholic of yesteryear, was considered to be willfully dedicated to a life of wrongdoing. Defenders of the hearth and home looked down their noses at their erring sister and, thin lipped, muttered: "She has made her bed of sin. Now let her lie in it."

But psychologists and psychiatrists, social workers and sociologists, after years of study, today agree that her promiscuity is a definite and distinct disease.

Like alcoholism and drug addiction, this illness fills its victim with cravings over which she has no control. And though she may struggle against them she is helpless, and must yield again and again.

The striking thing about the promiscuous woman is that she very rarely, if ever, can enjoy the sexual act. In her daydreams she lives the sensual life of a sex-starved Messalina, the famed empress whose compulsive infidelities to her husband scandalized ancient Rome.

But in the actual embrace, these dreams are shattered. Strive as she will, she is unable to react with any real pleasure. And sexual climax is denied her.

Her disappointment in her inability to feel normal sexual pleasure is heightened by the fevered imaginings which she had indulged in beforehand. And she is left suffering in a limbo of unsatisfied desires.

She tells herself it was her partner, not she, who was at fault. This

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inability to blame herself thus makes it necessary for her to go on from failure to failure, each time hoping against hope that in *this* man she will find the solution to her problem. And so she runs in circles of ever-increasing despair.

When science discarded moral judgments in order to study the problem of promiscuity objectively, it did not throw the baby out with the bath. As in the case of other emotional problems, the experts agree that the promiscuous woman must, in order to be cured, recognize the fact that her behavior is symptomatic of real illness. To conquer her illness, she must wish to return to the moral code of behavior that is demanded by the community.

This will require every ounce of effort and perseverance she has. For the causes of her errant behavior run deep.

The fact is that most promiscuous women have turned to unbridled sex experiments for reasons they are not aware of—reasons that have little to do with healthy sex drives or mature love. Actually, they are using sex as an escape from their real problems.

Experts agree that there are five underlying reasons why women become promiscuous.

1. Promiscuity brought about by a situation—usually separation from, or loss of, a husband or sweetheart.

2. Promiscuity based on overwhelming feelings of inferiority, where sex is sought as a means of achieving a temporary sense of worthwhileness.

3. Promiscuity that springs from an intense rivalry with men.

4. Promiscuity based on a loveless or brutalizing childhood in which the parents were separated, alcoholic, etc. This leads the sufferer to use sex to exploit men, usually for the purpose of extracting money.

5. Promiscuity based on a powerful reaction against too severe sexual repression in childhood.

IT WILL BE NOTICED that all these reasons are *psychological*. This may surprise many who have believed that the cause of promiscuity is physical. In literature and in folklore, the so-called nymphomaniac is generally portrayed as being biologically, as well as emotionally, different from her sisters. Nature, these sources contend, endowed her with too great a store of physical lust.

Doctors wish the answer were as simple as that, but it is not. "There is no organic basis for nymphomania," Dr. James Thomas, gynecologist, recently stated.

For each type of problem the solution is different. Take the case of Sally C., for instance.

Sally was a remarkably pretty and terribly shy private secretary. When her boss frowned, she trembled; when he smiled she was blissful. This was typical of her attitude toward all men with whom she came in contact.

At 20, she began a series of relationships with irresponsible men—each of whom she thought, at the time, she adored. By the age of 25 she had had affairs with 30 men who gave her neither loyalty, permanence nor satisfaction.

In despair, Sally consulted a psychologist. It soon became clear that her self-effacing personality con-

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cealed the fact that she felt worthless and unwanted, and was willing to give herself in exchange for a modicum of tenderness. Having sold herself so short *to* herself, she gravitated toward men of little worth.

A rigid attitude toward sex in her early home life can lead a woman toward rebellion — and immorality

In time, she came to realize that her self-abasement was not justified. And more, that her promiscuous behavior only further aggravated her feeling of worthlessness.

At length, she was able to fall in love with a man who really returned her love, and not only gave her a *feeling* of warmth but warmth itself. They are now happily married.

In certain families, the father's clear preference for sons has a very destructive effect on a daughter's respect for her womanhood. Such was the problem of Joan K. She had two older brothers and, in order to win any attention from her father, she had to all but become a boy.

In childhood, Joan had little interest in girlish pursuits. Instead, she tagged along with her brothers, learned to play baseball and football almost as proficiently as they.

She went to a coeducational college and there continued her masculine behavior. She drank heavily and thought nothing of calling up her male classmates for dates instead of waiting to be asked by them. Quickly, in her hatred of being a woman, she went even further. Visualizing men as basically promiscuous, she became promiscuous herself.

The fact that she felt no pleasure in the sexual act made her think something was wrong and she sought aid from her college counselor.

Joan's conviction that promiscuity was justified did not alter easily. It took several months of conversation with the sympathetic counselor before the realization began to dawn on the girl that, in order to enjoy sex, she must cease to hate being a woman.

It was a long uphill struggle for her to overcome the unhappy influence her father had had upon her. However, she finally fell in love with an assistant football coach at the college, a strong and dominant male with whom she had many common interests.

She married him and is now herself the mother of two girls, and her sexual life is entirely satisfactory. She is more than careful not to let her husband repeat the mistake with their children that her father made with her.

Not long ago, an extremely successful businesswoman, Helen R., visited a prominent psychiatrist in New York City, complaining that she could no longer get into an elevator, that she had feelings of panic when she had to cross a wide avenue, and that she suffered from vague pains in various parts of her body.

It soon developed that Helen had been leading a promiscuous life for several years. Delving into her

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childhood, the therapist discovered that she had been reared in an extraordinarily rigid religious environment where sex was looked upon as disgusting, sinful and, indeed, unmentionable.

In her teens, Helen had at first been repelled and frightened when she discovered that her girl friends indulged in petting parties. However, she had finally forced herself to participate.

In very short order she was going much further than the other girls, and soon began to have regular intercourse with one of the boys in her high school class. When the affair ended she became utterly promiscuous and continued this behavior with little or no pleasure, until she finally sought help from the doctor.

Helen's promiscuity was based on an attempt to deal with the excessively strict and rigid attitude toward sex in her home. Her phobias about wide streets and elevators and her vague pains were quickly traced to repressed guilt feelings based on her original training.

In a relatively short time, she entirely understood not only the meaning of her symptoms but the rebellion against her sexual training which her promiscuity represented, and imposed normal restraints on her conduct. As therapy continued, she was able to shake off more and more the inhibitions of her early training and at length married a man with whom she now has a very satisfactory love and sex partnership.

These are the stories of women who have been able to grasp the nature of their problem—and take effective steps against it. Doctors and others who treat these women hope today for a wider understanding of the promiscuous woman by the community. For it is only when sympathetic understanding is given them that they can recognize the nature of their illness and so be in a position to seek help in order to overcome it.

As one physician put it: "If the community can learn to treat the problem not as a moral cancer but as an illness that can be cured, the promiscuous woman herself will be motivated to face up to herself and use the new knowledge that science has made available to her."

Final Editions

ON THE DAY the New York *World* was about to be merged with the *Telegram*, sportswriter Quentin Reynolds was at Madison Square Garden covering an event. He started his wire report to the paper: "To The New York *World* (If Any)."

ON THAT SAME DAY a winter sportswriter for the *Sun* arrived at his desk and asked the copyboy for the snow reports.

"You don't need 'em," said the copyboy.

The winter sportswriter asked: "Why not? No snow?"

The copyboy told him: "No. No paper."

—LEONARD LYONS

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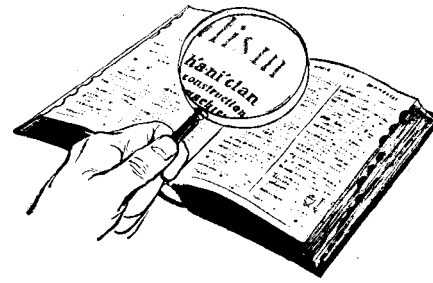
Sharpen Your Word Sense!



by ROGER B. GOODMAN

HAVEN'T YOU often thought, "If only I had the words to express what I feel!" or, "If only I could write it in the proper words!" Well, here's a chance for you to sharpen your word sense. Below is a passage from the works of a noted author, with certain words missing. Fill in the blanks with *your* choice from the list below. Then turn to page 162 and check your words with the writer's.

WHEN THAT 1_____lance-point was within a yard and a half of my breast I 2_____my horse aside without an effort, and the big knight 3_____ by, scoring a blank. I got plenty of applause that time. We turned, and down we came again. Another 4_____for the knight, a roar of applause for me. Sir Sagramor lost his temper, and at once changed his tactics and set himself the task of 5_____me down. I 6_____ out of his path with ease whenever I chose, and once I 7_____ him on the back as I went to the rear. His temper was clear gone now, and he 8_____an insult at me. I 9_____my lasso from the horn of my saddle, and 10_____ the coil in my right hand. This time you should have seen him come!—it was a business trip, sure; by his 11_____there was blood in his eye. I was 12_____my horse at ease, and 13_____the great loop of my lasso in wide circles about my head; the moment he was under way, I 14_____for him, when the space between us had 15_____to forty feet, I sent the 16_____spirals of the rope 17_____through the air, then faced about and brought my trained animal to a halt with all his feet braced under him for a 18_____. The next moment the rope 19_____taut and 20_____Sir Sagramor out of the saddle!

Choose one word from each line of this list:

1. awful, formidable, sharp
2. twitched, moved, galloped
3. went, plunged, swept
4. zero, blank, no-score
5. running, tracking, chasing
6. got, turned, whirled
7. smacked, patted, slapped
8. threw, flung, snapped
9. lifted, slipped, took
10. held, took, grasped
11. gait, pace, movement
12. sitting, holding, keeping
13. whirling, twirling, swinging
14. went, charged, started
15. been reduced, lessened, narrowed
16. looping, snaky, slinking
17. winging, hurtling, a-cleaving
18. plunge, heave, surge
19. sprang, drew, pulled
20. heaved, yanked, lifted

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Alabama's Beloved

In his modern school, backwoods youngsters are learning skills that will lift them from their poverty to a life of opportunity and hope

by ALLEN RANKIN

IN SEPTEMBER, a familiar iron schoolbell clanged out across the quiet fields and wooded hills near Minter, Alabama. It was the signal that Emmanuel Brown, one-time Harvard scholar who chose to return to his native backwoods and become one of the nation's most remarkable educators, was opening the 52nd year of his unique school.

A slightly-built, 72-year-old Negro with a kindly, life-weathered face, Emmanuel Brown smiled as pupils from six to twenty, many of them barefoot and clad in overalls, converged on his school.

"Here they come, God bless 'em," he said. "We're opening without money enough to get us through the first month. But, God willing, we'll see them through another year, somehow."

The beloved schoolmaster of Minter has been saying that every September since he opened his 12-grade, semi-private school. And every year, by teaching all day and soliciting funds at night, he has managed to keep it going. Because of his Spartan struggles, Alabama newspapers have labeled it "The School That Runs on Faith."

Started by Minter's self-appointed schoolmaster in an 18-by-20-foot hut, it is now a $300,000 assemblage of sturdy brick buildings, workshops, labs and dormitories, with nearly 400 students and 14 teachers.

No American educator can look around him and see more conspicuously displayed the results of his life's work. For Emmanuel has been the most important factor in changing a desolate landscape of tumbling-down shanties into a prosperous farming community.

But whatever else his school is, Emmanuel insists, it is primarily an exhibit of the power of prayer. "What else," he asks, "could have plucked me up out of the ignorance of my youth?"

Emmanuel was born in 1883, one of the ten children of Aaron Brown, a former slave, in a two-room log shack that stood within a rock's throw of his present school.

As a boy, he was awed by the fine black frock coat of a visiting preacher and enchanted by the man's thundering—but to him almost meaningless—vocabulary. "Mama," he said, "I want to be *somebody*, like that man."

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Schoolmaster

"Pray to God in faith and He will grant you Grace," she told him.

When Emmanuel walked three miles to start school at the age of five, he found about 250 pupils trying to cram into a one-room log building. He and the other children spent most of the day standing outside, often in the rain, until their turn came to crowd inside.

After ten years of this, Emmanuel slid back into the profitless drudgery of sharecropper farming. Then his prayers began to be answered.

One day a stranger told Emmanuel about Snow Hill Institute that sometimes "took in" poor boys and taught them how to be good farmers, carpenters, blacksmiths and the like. Within the week, Emmanuel had walked the 17 miles to Snow Hill and begun to work himself through the carpentry course.

As a new world opened, a bitter anger filled him. Why had he had to waste ten years in the worthless school "back home"? Why would future children of Minter have to do likewise?

"They won't—not if I can help it," he promised himself.

Then, a series of remarkable "accidents" happened. To be able to "pass the mailbox"—write a letter legibly enough to receive an answer—was considered the ultimate in knowledge at the time. Emmanuel began to wonder whom he could write to.

In an old newspaper clipping, he came across the name of a Mrs. Edwin D. (Lucia Ames) Mead. She was described as "a member of The Peace Organization, Boston."

Painstakingly, Emmanuel wrote a note to this stranger and Mrs. Mead, who later was instrumental in raising funds to build the Peace Palace at The Hague, answered it. She asked about his hopes and dreams and, more important, she returned his own crude letter with detailed corrections in grammar. Thus began a correspondence (and correspondence course) that lasted four years.

Finally, Mrs. Mead wrote the struggling carpenter at Snow Hill (at the time, Emmanuel was 20), asking how he would like to come to a school called Harvard. The idea seemed fantastic to Emmanuel.

Months later, when Mrs. Mead and Emmanuel finally met, she and

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other influential friends urged that he enter Harvard.

"Later," said Emmanuel. "Now there's something I've got to do." And in 1903, he returned to Minter, to hardship and an old vow.

HE CHOPPED DOWN the trees to build his first school-shack and in the fall of 1904, fifteen pupils started at his school.

"Every boy will learn how to earn a better living," Emmanuel promised them, "and every girl how to run a better home. But, most important, we will learn faith in God."

Schoolmaster Brown's classroom developed into a remarkable blend of grade school, specialized trades school and religious seminary. He shouldered the whole curriculum himself.

Night found him trudging the fields between the big plantations or walking the streets of nearby towns to solicit funds for his school. He decided, in the summer of 1906, to enter Harvard after all. Six summers later—in the winters he ran his school—he returned with his Bachelor's Degree.

By 1910, he had acquired a few assistant teachers, and he and his students had built a new, two-story school costing $10,000, when lightning struck. Emmanuel watched his work go up in flames. Doggedly, he began building anew.

Today, after 51 years of almost superhuman exertions, Emmanuel is still personally about as poor as when he started. For, like many of his loyal teachers, he has never asked for a regular salary. He has even declined to name his school after himself. Though it is almost invariably called "Emmanuel's School," Emmanuel himself officially calls it the Street Manual Training School in memory of Mr. and Mrs. J. Garden Street, of Boston, who once gave him food when he was hungry.

Emmanuel's reward comes from the daily appreciation of hundreds of alumni whose lives and fortunes he has bettered. At his school of agriculture, Joe Peasant, for instance, learned how to get bumper corn and cotton crops off the same 72 acres of land on which his father nearly starved.

Several years ago, Emmanuel faced the greatest crisis of his career when fire again struck, leveling the school's $75,000 vocational building. Waterman Steamship Lines offered to put up $25,000 toward replacing it if Emmanuel raised an equal amount. But as building time approached, he had raised only $13,000.

Then one night he received a sudden summons. "You're wanted in town," said the stranger who drove him to Selma, 20 miles away. Solid applause greeted Emmanuel as he entered the hotel ballroom, crowded with long banquet tables.

Everyone at the banquet was there to pay tribute to Emmanuel's selfless career—at $65 a plate. Applause roared again as the toastmaster handed Emmanuel a check for the $12,000 he needed.

"Tears fill my eyes," said the schoolmaster of Minter. "It is time to be deeply grateful."

The gratitude was mutual. Dallas County and the State of Alabama felt it was "time to be deeply grateful" to its distinguished educator who followed his school's motto, "Lifting as We Climb."

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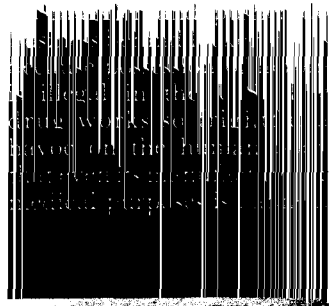

Profits in dope are staggering. The pusher can "cut" a dollar's worth of heroin with milk sugar, a cheap powder, and sell it in small envelopes or "decks" for $25. Heroin also comes in liquid and capsule form. Before long, it's still potent enough to enslave the user, and smuggling is almost impossible to stop: one man can conceal enough pure heroin on his person to supply hundreds of addicts.

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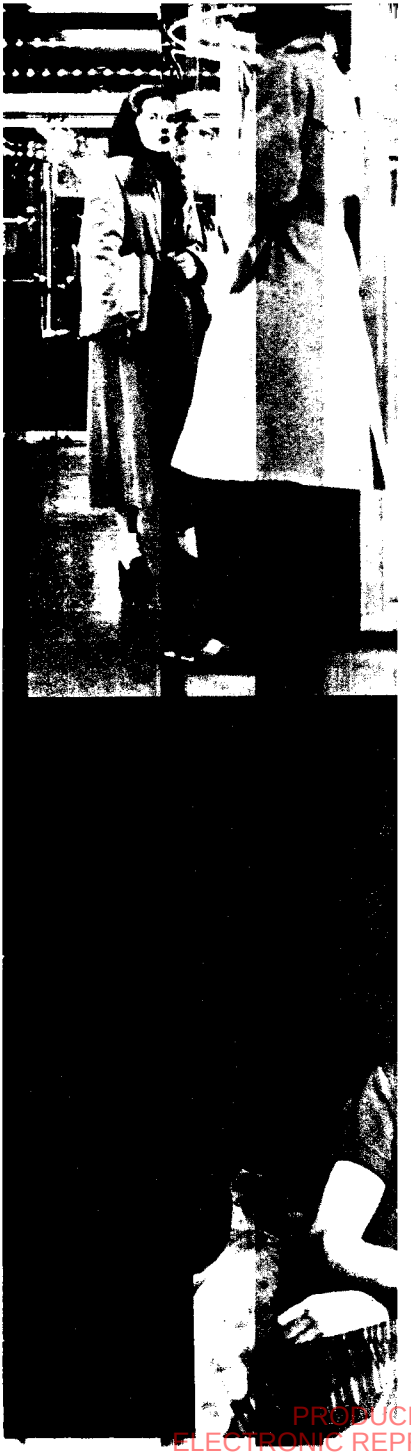

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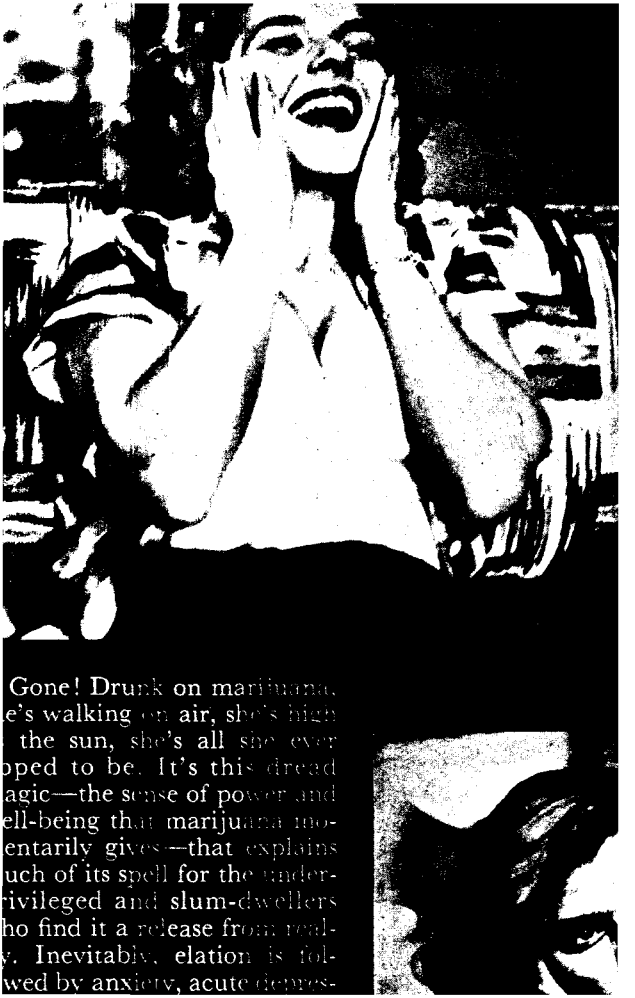

Gone! Drunk on marijuana,
e's walking on air, she's high
the sun, she's all she ever
pped to be. It's this dread
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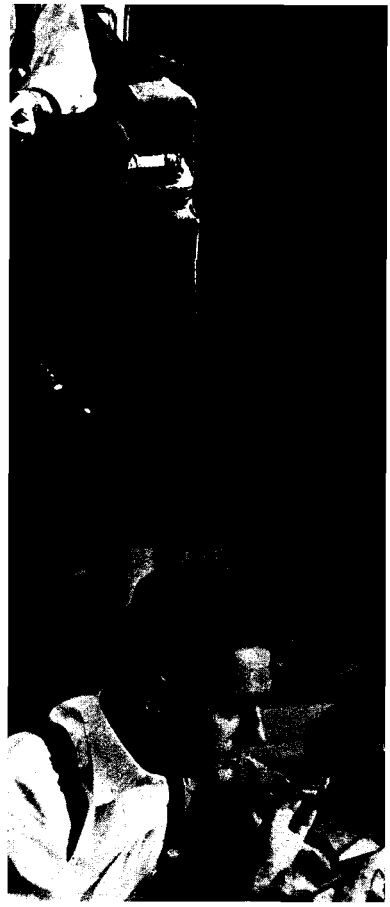

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Descent Downward

She sinks into the nightmare world of dope with its appalling moral and physical disintegration. Her character, her very personality alters; standards vanish; the maddening need for a "fix" of heroin becomes as compelling as life itself. To earn the money to pay for three to five fixes a day, men turn to crime, from shoplifting to burglary, and sometimes to armed robbery resulting in homicide. Women, even young girls, become prostitutes in their efforts to feed the habit.

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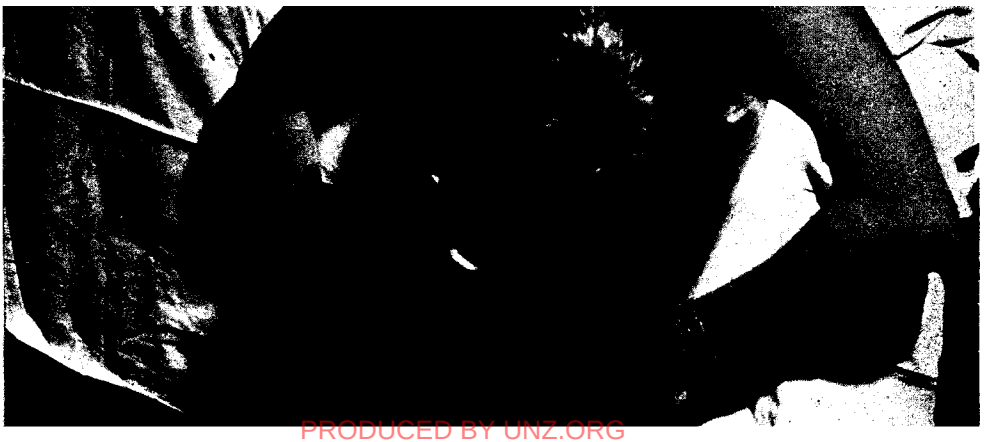

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Stab at Life

If she's young and not completely hooked, she may find the strength to fight back—to point out the peddler of living death so that police and narcotic agents can track down his source of supply. Most addicts are known sooner or later: but the main job is to bear down on the smugglers and pushers who carry on this vicious traffic.

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The Strange Hermit of Crooked Creek

by VIRGINIA HOLMES

He lived in solitude for 45 years and no one ever knew why

THERE HAVE BEEN strange and difficult vows, but none more fantastic was ever sworn—and kept to the bitter end—than that of James Monroe Eoff, the hermit of Crooked Creek Valley, Arkansas.

"Monny" Eoff, while in his early 20s, swore never to see daylight again, never to behold another human face, and never to speak to another human being, except his wife.

Eoff, who had enlisted in the Confederate Army in his teens, emerged from the Civil War bitterly disappointed at the South's defeat. Four years afterward, when he was 22, he married the belle of Crooked Creek Valley, daughter of a well-to-do planter. Although he was not in good health, the young couple appeared completely happy in their log cabin.

Twin sons were born to the Eoffs in 1870, when Monny was 23, and a few months later he contracted a severe case of measles. The doctor told him: "If you want to protect yourself from going blind, you'll have to spend the next two months in a dark room."

Eoff and his friends set to work and built a lean-to shed, 10 by 15 feet, against his cabin. Its windowless walls were planked up on the inside so that no light could enter. The room was ventilated through an opening in the floor.

When the doctor called at the end of the two months, Eoff refused to leave the shed. All reasoning failed, and the doctor finally became convinced that Monny meant it. His last words to anyone except his wife were, "I have taken an oath never to leave this room alive. Never again will I see the light of day."

After he had been in his self-chosen prison for several months, neighbors decided that his trouble was laziness. A band of them went to the cabin determined to force him to work. But Mrs. Eoff calmly told them that her husband's manner of living was approved by her,

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and was of no concern to anyone else. Since she was highly respected and seemed capable of taking care of the farm by herself, the neighbors expressed sympathy and left.

During the first few years, Eoff's seclusion was a never-ending wonder to the people of Crooked Creek Valley. Mrs. Eoff refused all offers of assistance and said repeatedly that her husband was content and she was, also. But, with the passage of time, the situation came to be accepted as inexplicable.

Between Monny and the rest of the world stood a door, through which only his wife was allowed to pass. On the other side of the door, his sons grew to manhood, and on the other side of the door, he could hear the voice of the daughter he never saw. On the other side of the door, visitors, relatives and friends talked and laughed, but he remained silent.

As the years went by, legends began growing up about him. It came to be believed that he possessed "second sight" and could predict floods, cyclones, deaths and tragedies.

Through an era of invention and history more momentous than any before it, the hermit of Crooked Creek Valley kept the door tightly shut. Doubtless, he was the only person in a civilized land who was totally unaware of anything that happened during that time—and by his own choice.

He was sometimes heard pacing back and forth on the plank flooring and, after his death in 1915, it was found that his footsteps had worn the boards thin. The only furnishings in his dark cell were a cot, a chair and a table.

Only death released him from his self-imposed sentence. And since it sealed his lips, and he had left no written record of his years as a recluse, the motive for such a deliberate waste of life remains unknown.

The generally accepted theory is that it was a morbid defiance of Fate. He had wanted the South to win, but it had lost. He had wanted health, but had been sickly. As a last straw, fearing he might lose his sight, he said to himself: "I shall withdraw from the world which has given me nothing but frustration. This is something I can will and bring to pass."

Unreasonable as it may sound, this theory of perverted heroism is the best which has been offered. But it remains only a theory—and the amazing hermit of Crooked Creek Valley is as much a mystery today as he was when he died 40 years ago.

How It Began

DURING COLONIAL TIMES it was customary for ladies of the Cuban aristocracy to smoke cigars with the same freedom that modern women accord the cigarette. But because they feared their fingers might be stained by the long slim *cigaros* it became a fad to wrap a narrow "holding strip" of paper around them. The strip was gilt or silver, or chosen to match the smoker's gown. And that is the origin of the intricately engraved bands bound around most cigars today. —MARY ALKUS

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The 900-pound polar bear will uppercut a seal to death, stalk a man, or slide down an icy slope on his backside

by JACK DENTON SCOTT

WEIGHING almost half a ton, yet amazingly supple; a land animal who has been seen in icy seas 100 miles out; a fearless creature who considers man his natural enemy; a living symbol of the Ice Age, who remains forever a prisoner of the Arctic—the polar bear is both a paradox of the animal world and a problem child of the North.

Almost as big as the brown Kodiak bear (largest meat-eating mammal in North America), the polar bear has a long neck, slender head, small ears, and a very heavy yellowish-white fur coat. He needs it, for his range is Arctic North America, from the northwestern coast of Alaska to the islands and pack ice of the Arctic Ocean, and the northeastern regions of Greenland.

This mammoth of the ice is one of the world's most dangerous animals. Eskimos, and the few white men who have hunted him, consider themselves mighty heroes

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when they have downed this beast. And well they might, for he is an animal who will deliberately stalk man.

The white beast crouches beside an ice hummock, blending perfectly, and waits for prey to pass. One Norwegian sailor was attacked by a bear on the ice pack a few miles from his ship. He ran toward safety, throwing off his jacket to gain more speed. The bear, a childishly curious creature, stopped to sniff the jacket, giving the sailor headway. As the man continued to run, he peeled off an item of clothing every few yards. By the time he reached the ship he was naked, with the bear standing 50 feet distant, investigating a last item to be discarded.

But despite their curiosity, polar bears are lonely animals, wandering their land of snow and ice like dedicated ghosts. The males and females rarely associate except in the mating season, which occurs every second year. After mating, the female looks for a den. She usually seeks a sheltered nook on high, dry ground. She hollows out a home, settles down and is eventually closed in by drifting snow.

She lies there until the cubs are born—usually twins, weighing no more than two pounds. But since polar-bear milk is very rich, the cubs grow swiftly. If the youngsters are born in January or February, the mother feels they are large enough to face the icy world by early March. Outside the den, the young bears watch their mother. She shows them how to move on the ice, how to stalk prey.

Some explorers believe that the bear keeps her cubs with her for two full years because that much time is needed for apprenticeship in seal-stalking, and also until then they are not large enough to support themselves by hunting their own food. A seal seldom moves far from a blow-hole in underwater ice, and dives immediately when danger nears. Hence, the white bear must use his brain or die of starvation.

In his yellowish-white coat, he can hardly be seen against the ice, even by the sharp-eyed seal. Lying flat, the bear pulls himself forward, sliding silently toward the seal. When he is close enough, he makes an enormous spring and, with one blow, smashes the skull of his prey.

THE POLAR BEAR is an unusual animal. Unlike other bears, he does not hibernate (though the pregnant female sleeps through part of the winter until she gives birth), and his eyesight is keen enough to spot movement a mile away. A third—transparent—eyelid may be used to act like sunglasses, protecting his vision from the strong glare of the sun on ice.

In addition, a remarkable sense of smell, an ability to charge at 25 miles an hour, to swim with grace in Arctic water, make the polar bear a versatile fellow who can hold his own on land, water or ice. And he has a sense of humor, too. Often, when he comes to an icy slope, he merely sits and glides down it, like a child on a playground slide.

Perhaps it is his unpredictable character that makes him spend days on a platform of floating ice making its way to the open sea, only to plop back into frigid water and swim 100 miles to shore—a feat unequaled by any other land animal.

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As for his tremendous strength, explorer Reginald Koettlitz made this report to the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh: "A large polar bear had taken possession of half the skin and head of a giant walrus we had killed some days before. He couldn't possibly eat any more, yet he guarded what remained from the sea gulls and from us with determination.

"He hissed if we approached him, and when we moved to take the walrus skin and head, he carried it away in his mouth, jumping across five-foot cracks, slinging the skin after him with the greatest of ease, although it would have taken *five* men just to drag it across the ice."

Scientists and zoologists, aware of the strange aspects of the white bear (elongated head, proclivity for water), have conducted tests to determine his origin. Not long ago at the National Zoo in Washington, D. C., they crossed a polar and a brown bear. The healthy litter of offspring seemed to prove that the polar bear is of the bear family.

George Goodwin, associate curator of the Museum of Natural History, says that polar bears, most carnivorous of all bears, derived from large primitive dog-like creatures, and developed according to climatic and environmental conditions. He believes that the polar bear (like the seal which was originally a land animal) may eventually become more and more adapted for a marine life.

Strange tales have come out of the Northland about the white bear's "wicked magic." Eskimos believe that he carries a "spell" in his liver, and say that misfortune, even death, comes to him who eats it.

When a Russian expedition led by Barents ate bear liver, all became ill. Other explorers have been sickened by the meat.

Dr. Karre Rodahl, explorer and author of the recent book, *North*, believes that he has solved the mystery of polar-bear liver. His work with Eskimos has proved that the main sources of Vitamin A in the Arctic regions are the livers of sea and land mammals and fish. Of these, he found the liver of the polar bear to be the richest source, with three ounces giving enough Vitamin A to supply a man's normal requirements for more than a year.

Tests proved that too great an intake of Vitamin A caused the same toxicity and symptoms developed by persons eating polar-bear liver. But Rodahl and other medical scientists have not been able to convince Eskimos of this. The natives still believe the liver contains a "spell" and they have seen enough victims to leave this belief unshaken.

Garage Gabble

AMERICA, it seems, is becoming a place where people spend a lot of money for garages, then park their cars outside.

—*Wall Street Journal*

AS MOTORCARS get longer and wider, we may reach the goal of the Hoover era in reverse—two garages for every car.

—SENATOR SOAPER

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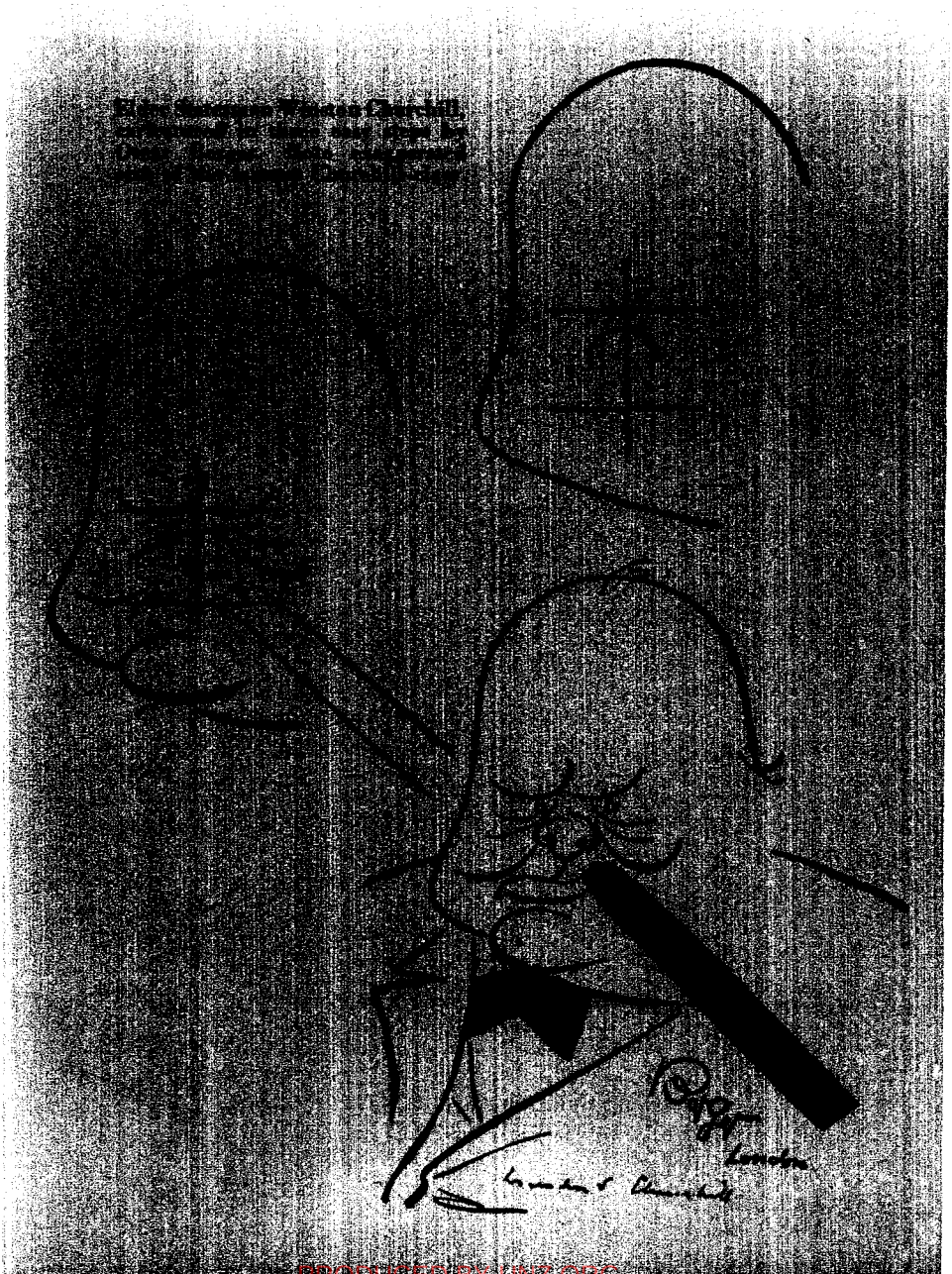

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How to Caricature

Most anyone can learn to draw for fun! A world-famous caricaturist reveals the secret of this delightful art — and tells how to apply it

by OSCAR BERGER

LIBRARY
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IT IS EASY to caricature. Anyone with some skill in drawing and a sense of humor is a potential caricaturist. Drawing is one of life's pleasures within the reach of everyone. All you need is paper and pencil—and an observing eye . . .

The same sense of humor and of proportion that are the main assets of the caricaturist are required, too, of the "victim" who is exploited—or rather privileged—by being caricatured. Fortunately, true dignity cannot be injured by satire, and most people accept the situation with a smile or hearty laughter.

Our individual judgments of what is odd, funny or grotesque—or what is not—vary considerably, and upon them depends the degree of our sarcasm. This ability to perceive the comic and grotesque in people and situations is the very essence of caricaturing. If you have it, you can develop by observation the "feel" of what to underline, to emphasize or to neglect.

A caricature is an exaggerated drawing, a satirical portrait having the likeness of a particular person and emphasizing the physical peculiarities of that person. Caricature is, in a way, like a telegram—a concentrated message, a "shorthand" account of your visual conception. You tell your story with the quick expressive punch of a news flash and with the greatest economy of lines.

Although exaggeration is the basis of caricature, it is not merely a distorted representation of the victim's features in making everything just a bit too big or too little. It is, rather, an art of calculated and balanced exaggeration of these individual characteristics.

If a man has a large nose—or mouth—you exaggerate that, and draw the other features of the face in relation to it. Everything is not enlarged in proportion, as under an enlarging lens, but in relation to the dominant, most telling feature you have decided to emphasize. Equally, if a face has a strikingly small nose—or mouth—you exaggerate that by reducing it in relation to the whole face. You stop when you have reached a point

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Use familiar symbols to express moods. To show hilarity, curve mouth and cheek lines upward; for sadness, turn mouth lines downward, with cheek-lines falling.

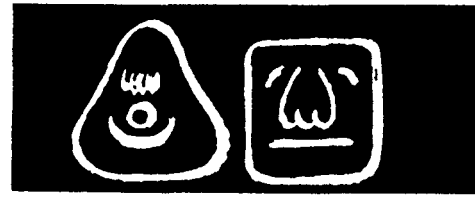
where further emphasis is detrimental to likeness.

Anyone can be caricatured, no matter how good-looking the features may be. It is possible to caricature both beauty and ugliness, though these rather primitive conceptions are not important elements in the caricaturist's vocabulary. The difference between the average and the unusual—between the normal and the bizarre—this is the spark that ignites the caricaturist to action.

However vital likeness is in a caricature, you should not plan your drawing with the sole idea of likeness. If your lines are right, placed with correct judgment in the right proportions—however crude their execution—likeness is bound to appear as a result.

WHILE YOU CAN concentrate on the face as the readiest index of man's moods and expressions, you should regard the whole human body—head and figure—as a unit. And you will find additional characteristics and oddities of behavior. Observe the general lines of the body, whether tall or short, slender

Human faces have much in common . . .



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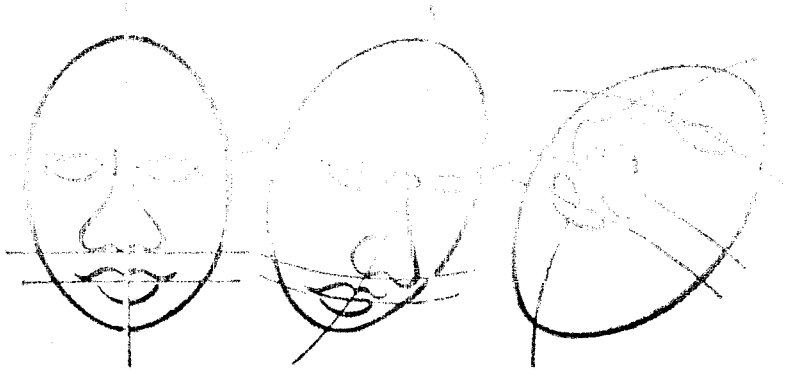

In drawing the head, try three different poses: full face and profile tilted down and upward. Notice how you accentuate features by the angle of the sketch.

or stout. Note how a tall, thin man will behave differently from a short, fat one. Observe the sort of position a man assumes—whether still, sitting, walking or running; the peculiarities of pose—whether composed or agitated; the appearance—whether neat, dignified, sloppy or clownish. Observe mannerisms also: the inclination of the head, the gesture of arms and hands, how an umbrella is carried, how a coat lapel is held, how a cigar is placed in the mouth or how a hat tips.

Retain only what strikes you as typical. Sometimes just an outline of the back view of a person, without showing any features of the face, will suffice to tell the whole story. Or an otherwise quite dull face might have a sudden exhilarating effect when seen in profile. Or an ordinary profile, seemingly hopeless to caricature, may suddenly gain comic significance by adding the contour of a portly—or lanky—body.

Everything visual can be reduced to simple lines. Line is the foundation of all drawing, straight lines and curves.

Simplicity of line is of great importance in caricature. Children have an amazing natural faculty for simplification. I like the child's idea of drawing quoted in a Roger Fry essay. When asked how she produced her drawing, she replied with deep conviction: "I think, and then I draw a line round my think."

Children draw with gusto and genuine concentration. Their humorous concept is free, uninhibited, and springs from joy. Their sarcasm

. . . but none has features completely identical to another, except possibly twins.

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Curved lines express rhythm and grace.

is limited by their naïve mental outlook. Caricaturing—pictorial ridicule—is a later step, a product of the growing adult mind.

We see things in nature in terms of tone, color, light and shade. Line is the contour or boundary of forms and shapes. In drawing, the artist (and the cave man and child as well) translates a mental image of an object into terms of lines. In other words, he draws it as it appears to his eye and not as it really is.

By proper manipulation of lines you can indicate form and shape; neither tone, color nor shades are necessary.

Try to form the habit of starting to draw with fundamental lines. Grasp the big shape. Do not get lost in details too soon.

The most frequently caricatured part of the human figure is the head. Its frontal aspect, the face, is the readiest part of the individual to identify.

IT IS POSSIBLE to reduce to certain patterns the general shapes of heads and faces. The basic form is an oval, but with observation you will soon notice that the exceptions prove the rule, and that nature twists and molds the basic egg shape of faces into all geometric shapes, to the caricaturist's delight. Some faces have a square tendency, others a roundness, with an interplay of elliptical shapes in between.

In drawing the head, always have in your mind's eye the general impression of it, and of the type of its shape. Ask yourself, while observing your model, of what simple shapes the larger forms which compose it remind you. See the head as a whole.

Draw first its basic shape, then sketch in lightly the features, which will lie on three imaginary lines. These will be at eye level, through the nose tip and the mouth.

In front view, the outlines of the head and of the face run parallel and are identical. In profile, the face forms a sharp angle. Generally, the profile is easier to caricature because of this sharp angle. The interrelations and proportions of the features alter with every position of the head. Parts which are visible in one position may become enlarged, reduced or hidden in another.

When caricaturing the face, con-

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Leonardo da Vinci once classified noses as "straight, bulbous, hollow, prominent either above or below the center, aquiline, regular, simian, round and pointed."

sider each feature's part in relation to the idea you want to convey, and the extent of emphasis with which you want to express it. Every face has its simple scheme of lines, and a direction of its own. Often a single feature dominates the face. Exaggerate it, and the other features in relation to it.

The nose is a vital weapon in the caricaturist's armory. It can be the most dominating ornament and expression of character.

No man is older than his nose. He is older than his teeth, which he may survive; he is about 20 years older than his beard; he may live longer than his hair; he may outlive his sight and his other senses. But his *nose* started with him in life and generally remains with him to the end.

The length of the average nose—there are such—is one-third of the whole face. When caricaturing, observe the *whole* face, of which the nose is a part. Look at the nose and ask yourself from what view it is different from the average. Some noses are more characteristic when seen in profile, others from the front.

Some noses may resemble birds' beaks.

There is a startling resemblance between the human nose and its animal counterpart, and it is a natural temptation to compare some noses with remarkable animal snouts.

There are noses of every size and shape. Some are truly a heavenly gift for the caricaturist and great fun to exploit graphically. We see inquisitive, sly, dull, sensual, sensitive, malignant, energetic and arrogant noses. Straight, hooked or snub noses. Thick, broad or thin and narrow noses. But whatever the size and shape of a nose, and to whatever extent we caricature it, "life" and ultimate likeness are essential over and above the necessary exaggeration.

The mouth is the most flexible—the most mobile—of all facial features. The outline of the mouth is fairly simple. Draw it with curves. The mobility—and to a certain extent the shape—of the mouth and lips is controlled by the jaw. Notice the relation of the lower lip to the chin, and how the curve of the jaw

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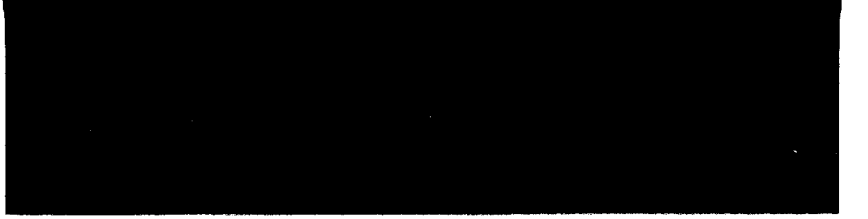


The eye is the most expressive feature of the face. It reveals all our moods and emotions. Eyes may be small, wide, deep-sunk, blank, flashing, sleepy or wild.

influences the curves of the lips. Watch the corners of the mouth. See how the nose moves when the mouth smiles.

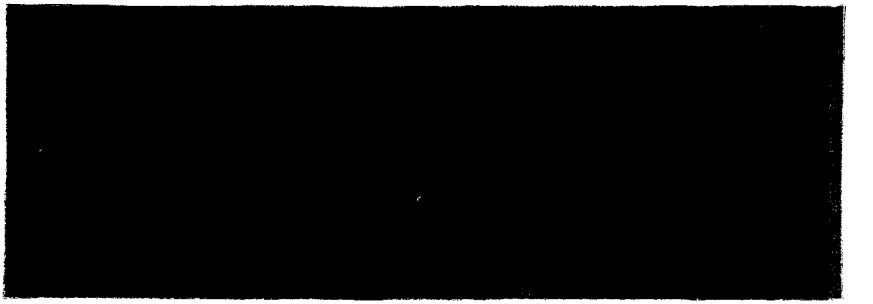
The mobility of the lips will reveal different moods. Lips upturned at the ends indicate good humor, smiling, laughter, a happy frame of mind. Curving downward they reveal sorrow, crying or anger. When they form a wide-open oval they express surprise or fear.

The eyes add a great deal to the vitality of a face. Observe how facial expressions change the eyes. The changed shape of the eyelids and the position of the iris in their frame express different moods. Alert or excited eyes are wide open, sleepy or tired eyes half closed. In sleep they are hidden by the lids. Smiles and laughter narrow and close eyelids; fright and anger open them wide. Pious or sentimental eyes show the iris half covered by the upper eyelid.

In profile, the eye is entirely different from the front view. Sometimes the eyes are hidden under very heavy eyebrows or may seem unessential, hence, on occasion, the caricaturist may leave them out entirely. By leaving them out, you lay emphasis on the other more characteristic features of that particular face. Here again feeling and judgment must play their part.

On the other hand, where extremely small eyes strike you as the most typical characteristics to seize upon, indicate them as small dots or lines, whatever treatment their shape requires. The important thing is—and this applies generally

A "stiff upper lip" symbolizes will power, defiance, obstinacy; thin, narrow lips show frigidity, apathy, cruelty; full, wide lips indicate temperament, sensuality.



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—their position in relation to the other features.

Hair—or the lack of it—contributes much to the character of the individual face. Be the head bald or maned; the mustache toothbrush, walrus or the handlebar type; the eyebrows sparse, arched or bushy; the beard full-grown or goatee—the caricaturist should joyfully seize upon these added possibilities.

Ears cannot change the expression of a face, but might add greatly to character—and comic effect. They look like independent, lonely ornaments on each side of the head—as if unrelated to the rest of the face. The shape of the ear varies most noticeably at the top and the bottom (lobe). The top of the average ear is on a line with the eyes, and the bottom on a line with the base of the nose.

In drawing the ear, remember the sweeping line of its outer border, as very often that single contour will suffice to record the ear in a caricature, unless the design of the twists and folds is particularly arresting and unusual.

Hands are very expressive. Their shape usually characterizes their owner. Movements and positions of hands, especially the play of fingers, can express and reveal a person's emotions.

Regard constructional details as mere basis. In caricaturing hands, the fewer details you draw, the better. Concentrate on expressing the intention and direction of moves and gestures, indicating them with simple action lines.

Also observe the shape and character of feet and legs. The curves of the thigh and of the calf of legs immensely influence their appearance. By looking carefully at the relation of all parts to each other and to the whole figure you will notice disproportions which, if exaggerated, can produce a hilarious effect. Fantastic footwear can be an added inspiration.

Audrey Hepburn's gamin face was fun to caricature. Her brilliant dark eyes are, of course, her outstanding feature, so I emphasized them. Then the long neck, her full lips and the Italian-boy haircut.

THE APPROACH to your caricature, from the outset, should be bold and direct. Technique should not worry you. Once you have trained

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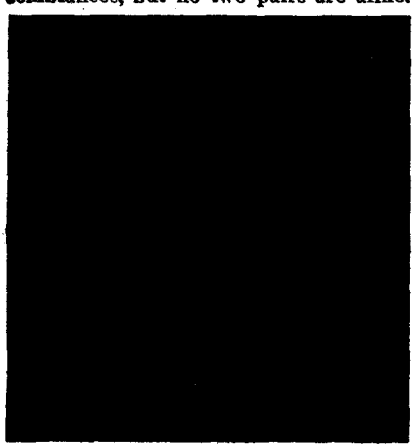
"Hair adds beauty to a good face and terror to an ugly one," says a Greek proverb. Faces are framed by hair, which can be exaggerated for caricature effect.

yourself to make quick notes from life, you will develop a technique which best suits you.

There is no *one way* to draw. A caricaturist can take great liberties. Be loose and free. Draw as freely as you write. Don't be afraid to draw "badly." If some of your lines do not succeed at first, try again! Regard your attempts as practice exercises.

First impressions are very important. You might easily lose the spark of that first one by crowding and confusing new impressions or by temporary visual fatigue. Record them quickly. After you have observed, and decided what you want, put down in bold strokes the barest essentials. The fewer the lines, the more telling and effective they will be. To know what to leave *out* of a drawing is just as important in caricaturing as to know what to put *in*.

Ears and question marks bear strong resemblances, but no two pairs are alike.



Generalizations and conventional rules should be regarded as useful only in the basic construction of a caricature since it is the exceptional, the unusual, that the caricaturist has to emphasize in a face. In time, with growing experience in observation and with increased fluency of line, you will be able to dispense with elaborate guide lines, and quick notes just marking the relative positions of facial features will suffice.

Sometimes I think that the world was peopled merely for the inspiration of caricaturists. You need not go far to find your victims: you are surrounded with a galaxy of types and characters in all manner of moods.

There is a story written in every face. To discover it for yourself and record it with your pencil is great fun. Good luck!

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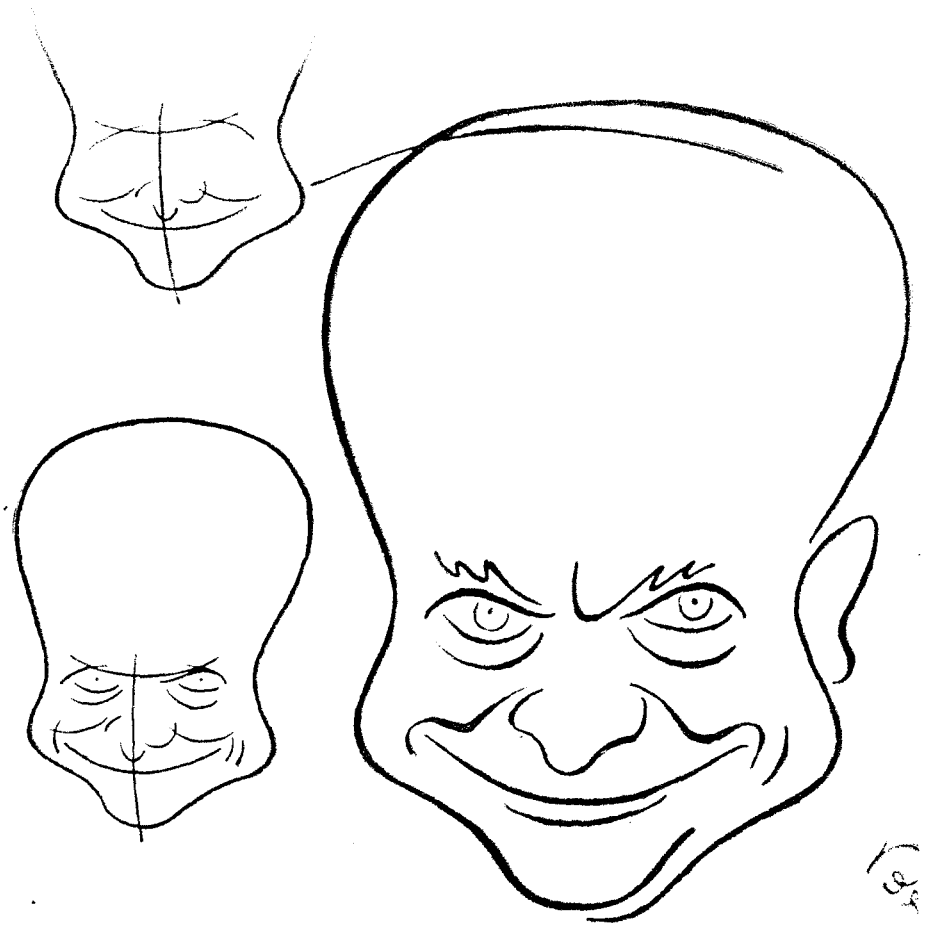
Divide head contour with vertical "guideline" and two horizontal lines for placement of eyes and upturned lip line. Use short curves to mark position of cheeks, nostrils and nose tip. For expression, curve lines of eyelids; then draw eyebrows, dot the pupils, connect nose curves into one rhythmic line and put in lower lip. Now erase guidelines; loosen face shape by adding left ear, double-chin curve, single line for hair, and you have caricatured President Eisenhower!



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I'm Sick of My SUBCONSCIOUS

Sense and nonsense on a subject that concerns us all

by PARKE CUMMINGS

PROBABLY I HAVEN'T any more complexes than the average person, and perhaps some of the ones I attribute to myself are imaginary, but there's one thing I'm sure of—I've been wasting too much time worrying about them. I'm sick of my subconscious and sick of analyzing it. And I guess there are many others in the same boat.

Did people let their subconsciouses get them down in the old days? Not much! Because most of them never realized they had one—the lucky dogs.

A fellow might remark to a friend: "I had a funny dream last night. Dreamed I was walking down the street without a stitch of clothes on."

To which his friend more than likely replied: "Yeah?" and switched the subject to something else.

Today the same dreamer starts analyzing himself. He decides either that the dream proves he's painfully and uncontrollably shy or that, fundamentally, he's an exhibitionist. In either case it's bad.

Even if he has a pleasant dream—like being able to soar through the air like a bird—he's convinced it's a bad sign: he's an escapist.

Nobody ever seems to think a dream can be a *good* sign. And this includes me. Periodically I dream I'm at some swank resort where the prices are extremely steep. My sole concern is to avoid running out of money and I go easy on expenditures for drink, excursions and other frills. I guard my funds so intelligently that it appears I will be able to return home solvent.

Then, on the last day, comes a stunning realization: I have completely forgotten to figure in the most important item of all—my room and board. This usually adds up to some staggering total I can't come close to paying, and . . . At this point, fortunately, I wake up.

If I had any sense I would sigh with relief. But instead, I lie there and start probing into my subconscious. What does this dream prove? That I have a deep-rooted feeling of insecurity? That I put off facing reality till the last minute? Whatever interpretation I put on it, I'm convinced that there's something basically wrong with me.

If I had more sense—and I'm

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going to try to get more sense in the future—I'd look at it this way: In my actual waking life I've never found myself unable to pay a hotel bill. I've never even run short at a restaurant; I read the prices carefully. So why should I worry because I have dreams that seem to indicate the exact opposite? When that dream comes true I'll start worrying, but not till then.

Frequently I find myself brooding about my dislike for talking on the telephone. I don't mean I have a mortal fear of the phone. I'll use it to make a bridge date or call a store, or to find out why the children haven't shown up for dinner; but I want merely to give and receive messages. If someone starts to converse I get jumpy and look at the phone with apprehension.

In a room, surrounded by people, I'll converse ad infinitum on just about any conceivable subject. In fact, it's hard to shut me off. In a room I can see people. Aha, that's it! Over a phone I can't.

Subconsciously I probably think there isn't anybody on the other end of the wire—that it's all a delusion. This totally unreasoning attitude indicates that I'm so mixed up between reality and fantasy that —there I go again.

Why can't my subconscious give me a break? Couldn't it admit that I don't care for long-drawn-out phone conversations because they take up my time when I have more important things to do?

Suppose I *did* like to yakety-yak on the phone? What would my subconscious try to make of this? Obviously: that I'm the type who's afraid to get at things, and goes to any resort to postpone them. That's the trouble with putting my subconscious under a microscope. No matter what I do, I convince myself I should be ashamed of it.

I have this fault to find with my subconscious, too: it never gives me a break. Another unfavorite dream of mine has me back in school taking an examination. In what subject? Most of the time it's Latin. I flunked the subject miserably, and gave it up. So, in dreams, I'm always sweating out an examination about which I know exactly nothing.

I could do physics with my left foot. But would my subconscious give me the satisfaction of letting me dream I'm knocking a physics examination for a loop? Not a chance. It's Latin it has to hand me in its unrelenting effort to build up an inferiority complex. Its motto seems to be "Never give the bum any credit."

It so happens I'm pretty punctual, but in my dreams I'm continually getting into serious trouble by missing trains and boats. I'm also apt to conjure up this unsettling picture when I'm awake. So what is my subconscious trying to prove? That fundamentally I'm a careless, forgetful person who is prone to train- and boat-missing, and that the fact that I don't actually do so is just dumb luck.

Well, I'm sick of it. I'm no paragon, but I'll thank my subconscious to give me credit for the few virtues I possess. I can't give it a kick in the pants, but I'm going to do a little boasting and here goes: the reason I catch trains and boats is that I exercise intelligence and good management. And if my subconscious doesn't like that, it can lump it.

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FIFTEEN-DAY PEP-YOU-UP DIET

by LELORD KORDEL

By adding a few strategic vitamins, minerals and proteins to your menu you'll raise your vitality and get more fun out of life

FEELING TIRED and run down? No energy? No pep? Full of vague aches and pains? The rest of the world out of step?

Like a run-down battery, you need recharging, revitalizing.

Every day, millions of Americans drag themselves home from work too worn out to enjoy their evenings. This fatigue is more than merely "feeling tired." It indicates dietary deficiencies.

Chronic fatigue can be fully overcome by restoring certain nutritive elements to the body through proper diet. And even your so-called "ups and downs"—which you accept as a normal pattern—can be improved.

A proper diet means, first of all, plenty of protein—the staff of life. Our bodies are composed of special types of cells constructed of a material called protoplasm. Protoplasm is protein. Thus, our bodies are actually made of protein.

To build new cells and to mend ailing ones, we need a protein-rich diet. Only with plenty of high protein foods can your muscles develop, can you manufacture good red blood and keep from growing old while you are still young.

Then come minerals. Without enough calcium, bones become weak and brittle, nerves are irritated, muscles grow flabby. A recent laboratory experiment revealed that animals given large quantities of calcium reached a high level of vitality and enjoyed a considerably extended "prime of life."

Phosphorus is essential in the chemical processes that burn carbohydrates and fats in order to liberate energy at the rate demanded by the body.

Iron, the body's master mineral, creates warmth, vitality and stamina. With plenty of iron in the blood, your resistance is built up, and anemia and run-down conditions

From *Eat Your Troubles Away*, by Lelord Kordel. World Publishing Company, Cleveland and New York, Publishers. Copyright, 1955, by Lelord Kordel.

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are then practically impossible.

Organic iodine is necessary to the thyroid, one of the most important glands in the body. The thyroid controls the speed at which we live and the amount of food fuel needed to keep our mechanism operating. It regulates our activity according to slow waltz or bebop tempo. Whenever an ordinarily alert person becomes less active, there is good reason to suspect the thyroid gland has slowed down.

Vitamin C earned the name "commando vitamin" during World War II because of its invaluable power to increase physical endurance and lessen fatigue. This vitamin cannot be stored by the body, so it must be replaced every day.

The ability to perform strenuous physical activities without undue fatigue comes from vitamin B complex. Pantothenic acid, one of the B complex group, seems to be tied in with the precious gift of vitality.

Lecithin, a complex nitrogenous compound, is extremely important to your nervous system which uses it to aid in generating nerve electricity. When your body's supply of lecithin becomes low, you complain of being tired and sleepy. But when your nerves receive a plentiful supply of it, you abound with nervous energy.

IF YOU ARE SEEKING that alive-all-over glow your body radiates when you are in excellent health, try the 15-Day Revitalizing Diet listed on the pages following. It is designed to give you the protein, vitamins and minerals your body needs for dynamic living:

These general instructions are to be observed each day:

Immediately upon arising drink a wakeup-and-shine cocktail consisting of 2 oz. unsweetened black cherry juice, 1 oz. pure honey, 4 to 6 oz. water.

A mid-morning snack is optional. However, if you feel in need of one, limit yourself to buttermilk, yogurt, fresh fruit, juices, a piece of cheese, raw vegetables like carrots, celery, etc., sunflower seeds, almonds, and the like.

For very important reasons of protein-enrichment, drink a mid-afternoon beverage made by dissolving 2 heaping tbs. or more of skim milk powder in a glass of water; add 2 tsp. honey.

Try not to overlook this, even if it means keeping a supply of the ingredients at your place of business. The health dividends you receive will be big.

If you feel the need of a before-bedtime snack, confine this as much as possible to fresh fruits and protein foods, buttermilk, yogurt, left-over meat, a slice of cheese or a dish of cottage cheese, etc.

Substitution of one complete day's menus for another is permissible, especially if it means making use of foods on hand or left over from the previous day. Generally speaking, you can substitute foods of the same type quite freely. For example, if chicken is called for on one day and you are invited to a roast beef dinner, by all means eat the roast beef! Vegetables may be substituted for vegetables, etc.

It is assumed that most persons will start the 15-Day Revitalizing Diet on a Monday. However, you may start on any day you find convenient. *(Continued on next page)*

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1st Day: Monday

Breakfast:

Large bowl of fresh fruit topped with: ½ cup or more cottage cheese and ¼ cup or more "skim milk cream" (which is made by dissolving ½ cup or more of skim milk powder in 1 cup of water.) Drizzle with honey, if desired.

Beverage

Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet. (Be sure the formula supplies a minimum of 16 vitamins balanced with 14 minerals. These should be incorporated in a natural base consisting of chlorophyll, alfalfa extract, yeast extract, sarsaparilla extract.) 2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp. lecithin granules.

Lunch:

Chicken broth (1 cup)
Scrambled eggs with bean sprouts
Fresh dates
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet

Dinner:

Savory pot roast
Tossed green salad with blue cheese or Roquefort dressing
Whole baby carrots

(Tuck the cleaned baby carrots into the roasting pan 8 to 10 minutes before removing the pot roast.)

Fruit compote (made with either fresh or dried fruits)
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp. lecithin granules

2nd Day: Tuesday

Breakfast:

Fresh or stewed fruit
Fluffy omelet filled with grated natural cheese

(Be sure you add skim milk powder to the beaten eggs, for extra protein. At least 1 tsp. for each egg.)

Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp. lecithin granules

Lunch:

Kale-stuffed fillets
Hearts of lettuce with cottage cheese and buttermilk dressing
Lemon milk sherbet
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet

Dinner:

Watercress salad with avocado wedges (lemon tomato dressing)
Broiled liver with onion rings
Baked potato, if desired
Fresh fruit
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp. lecithin granules

3rd Day: Wednesday

Breakfast:

Millet meal porridge (add an egg yolk and stir in before serving)
Grated fresh apple with puffed raisins and skim milk cream
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp. lecithin granules

Lunch:

Creamed split pea soup
Hawaiian sunshine salad
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet

Dinner:

Tossed salad consisting of greens, cucumbers, radishes, parsley, avocado
New Orleans shrimp
Buttermilk custard
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp. lecithin granules

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4th Day: Thursday

Breakfast:
Fresh or stewed fruit
Broiled lamb chops (1 or 2)
Slice of natural cheese
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

Lunch:
Cup of beef or chicken broth
Cheese soufflé
Tomato slices, lemon juice dressing
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet

Dinner:
Large lettuce salad
Giblet casserole
Swiss chard (steamed)
Pineapple cheese pie
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

5th Day: Friday

Breakfast:
Soft-cooked eggs, served with creamy cottage cheese
Fruit, if desired
Sunshine muffins
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

Lunch:
Green salad bowl with chopped ripe olives
Baked apple with skim milk cream (made especially rich)
Handful of sunflower seeds
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet

Dinner:
Red cabbage slaw with honey-lemon dressing
Broiled fish
Green string beans, lightly cooked
Orange chiffon cream
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

6th Day: Saturday

This is clean-up day for the body as well as for the home. Here is the procedure for a Purifying Diet, which you can follow any day that you are home:

Night before: 2 herbal laxative tablets
Upon arising: Glass of distilled water with juice of one lemon
8 A.M. Large glass of citrus juice
9 A.M. Cup of herb tea made with fenugreek seeds
10 A.M. Large glass of pineapple juice
11 A.M. As much distilled water as you can comfortably drink
12 Noon. Large glass of grape or apple juice
1 P.M. Cup of herb tea made with fenugreek seeds
2 P.M. Large glass of citrus juice
3 P.M. As much distilled water as you can comfortably drink
4 P.M. Large glass of pineapple juice
5 P.M. Cup of herb tea made with fenugreek seeds
6 P.M. Large glass of grape or apple juice
7 P.M. As much distilled water as you can comfortably drink
8 P.M. Large glass of citrus juice
9 P.M. Cup of herb tea made with fenugreek seeds
10 P.M. 2 herbal laxative tablets

7th Day: Sunday

Breakfast:
Applesauce, unsweetened
Broiled calf's liver
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

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Lunch:
Chicken or beef broth, if desired
Polish soufflé
Green vegetable
Fruit compote with honey
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet

Dinner:
Broiled chicken, all you wish
Sliced tomatoes
Sunshine muffins
Pineapple cheese pie
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

8th Day: Monday

Breakfast:
Fruit, fresh or stewed
Eggs poached in tomato juice
Cottage cheese, small portion
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

Lunch:
Clear broth, if desired
Canned salmon, quickly warmed
under broiler
Mixed green salad
Fresh fruit
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet

Dinner:
Chopped green lettuce leaves
served with chiffonade dressing
Singapore shrimp and rice
Buttermilk sherbet, if desired
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

9th Day: Tuesday

Breakfast:
Fruit, fresh or stewed
Millet porridge served with
skim milk cream
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

Lunch:
Scrambled eggs with brains
Small salad
Slice of cheese
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet

Dinner:
Tomato soup
Broiled hamburger (fortified with
dried skim milk powder)
Leafy green salad with buttermilk
or yogurt as dressing
Cooked vegetable
Stewed fruit compote
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

10th Day: Wednesday

Breakfast:
Fruit if desired
Cottage cheese griddle cakes
(served with mixture of honey and
fresh or frozen fruit blended together)
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

Lunch:
Lamb or beef stew
Tomato juice
Fruit salad with dressing made of
honey and skim milk powder
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet

Dinner:
Leafy green salad, yogurt or
buttermilk dressing
Steak—all you wish
Baked potato (try avocado instead
of butter)

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Fresh fruit
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

11th Day: Thursday

Breakfast:
Fresh fruit
Eggs foo yung
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

Lunch:
Cream of fish soup
Cole slaw with buttermilk-honey dressing
Dessert of your choice—*regardless!*
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet

Dinner:
Mixed green salad with cottage cheese dressing
Liver, sautéed slowly with sour cream (Beef, lamb, or calf's liver will do equally well.) After both sides of liver have been cooked, turn heat to very low; add sour cream or yogurt. Finish cooking. The combination of liver and cultured milk flavor is delicious.
Whole white onions, steamed
Fresh fruit
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

12th Day: Friday

Breakfast:
Fresh fruit, if desired
Grilled liver patties. (Use left-over cooked livers. Grind or chop quite fine. Add 2 tbs. millet meal to each cup and enough skim milk cream to hold shape. Brown in pan or under broiler.)
Hot pineapple slices
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

Lunch:
Chicken broth
Tongue (small serving)
Cottage cheese
Gelatin dessert
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet

Dinner:
Crisp celery hearts and carrot spikes
Sunshine burger
Cooked vegetable
Fresh fruit, if desired
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

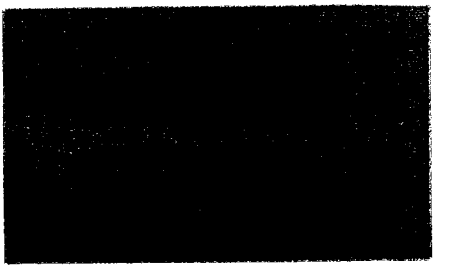
13th Day: Saturday

Again this is "clean-up and rest-up" day. Follow the Purifying Diet—as you did on the 6th Day of this program.

14th Day: Sunday

Breakfast (or Brunch):
Fresh fruit
Eggs Hawaiian
Sunshine muffins
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp.
lecithin granules

Dinner:
Leafy green salad with yogurt or buttermilk dressing



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Chicken Tahiti
Pecan-sunflower honey pie
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet

Supper:

Tamale loaf
Fruit salad
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp. lecithin granules

15th Day: Monday

Breakfast:

Baked apple with raisins, served with skim milk cream
Soft-cooked eggs (to which sharp grated cheese has been added just before serving)
Beverage
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp. lecithin granules

Lunch:

Fresh vegetable soup (Grate carrots, celery, parsnips, onions—and drop into your favorite soup stock just before serving.)
Fresh fruits served on large mound of cottage cheese with sunflower seeds. Top with skim milk cream or sour cream
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet

Dinner:

Tomato juice cocktail
Leafy green salad with buttermilk dressing
Large steak or 3 thick chops
Fresh fruit
Beverage
Multiple vitamin-mineral tablet
2 lecithin capsules or 1 tsp. lecithin granules

SELECTED RECIPES FOR USE WITH THE FIFTEEN-DAY PEP-YOU-UP DIET

Creamed Split-Pea Soup

Wash thoroughly and cook 2 cups split peas with 3 cups water for 1 hour. Add ½ tsp. salt, 4 tbs. butter, 1 cup skim milk cream, 2 diced pimentos, 2 tbs. ground parsley, ¼ tsp. thyme.

Hawaiian Sunshine Salad

Line plate with 3 crisp green lettuce cups. Place 1 ring of sliced pineapple in each. Spoon 4 oz. cottage cheese into loose mounds on top. Sprinkle 2 tbs. sunflower seeds over all.

Sunshine Muffins

Sift together ½ cup sunflower-seed meal, 1¼ cups whole-wheat flour, 3 tsp. baking powder, ¾ tsp. salt. Beat 1 egg well and stir in ¾ cup milk, 3 tbs. honey and 3 tbs. melted butter or cooking oil. Combine with the dry ingredients, stirring only enough to hold the ingredients together. Bake in a 9-muffin tin that has been well greased and floured, for 12 to 15 minutes in a hot oven (400° F.).

New Orleans Shrimp

Cook 2 pounds fresh shrimp in the shell. Clean and marinate in the following sauce for several hours. Rub a bowl with garlic. Add ½ cup finely chopped celery, 1 stalk chopped green onion, 1 tbs. chopped chives, 6 tbs. olive oil, 3 tbs. lemon juice, ¼ tsp. catsup, 5 tbsp. horseradish, 2 tbs. prepared mustard, ¼ tsp. paprika, ¾ tsp. salt.

Buttermilk Sherbet

Combine 2 cups buttermilk, ½ cup honey and 1 cup crushed pineapple. Freeze until the consistency of mush. Place in a chilled bowl. Add 1 egg white and 1½ tsp. vanilla and beat until light and fluffy. Replace in refrigerator and freeze until firm. Stir often.

Chiffonade Dressing

To ½ cup of your favorite French dressing add 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 2 tbs. chopped parsley, 1 tsp. chopped onion, 2 tbs. chopped pepper, 2 tsp. chopped chives.

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Grandfather Churchill was a man of principle. Intensely honest, to him a man should be judged not on who he was but by what he did. Grandad stood by his friends and adored mother and our children with an indescribable deepness. When he came in the door, every corner of our old house brightened. He could patch family quarrels or broken toys. And under the tender care of his green thumb the rosebushes flourished.

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At the service, the many who admired him came crowding into the church to talk to him with their hearts. We were greatly relieved that Grandad's well-earned rest would be in the cemetery near the friends he loved. Here was a traditional cemetery, managed by local folk we knew and trusted — friends of Grandfather's. Here we could place a monument worthy of memorializing the personality that was his alone.

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We recalled a wonderful vacation with "Gramp," when we toured through Vermont's famous Green Mountains to visit the Rock of Ages granite quarry at Barre. On our guided tour we soon realized why Rock of Ages was the most respected name in monuments. We had gazed in awe on hills of discarded granite, learning that only a *sixth* of all the granite Rock of Ages quarries is considered good enough for the monuments with their trademark seal. We had watched fourth generation craftsmen, blending age-old skills with modern techniques, masterfully polish and carve the granite into symbols of memory. We learned too, that Rock of Ages fashions monuments at surprisingly modest prices. Recalling all this, we knew now that only a Rock of Ages memorial would be good enough for Grandfather.

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We learned about monument symbolism from Charlie Johnson, our local Rock of Ages Dealer. He told us how through the years since recorded history began, symbols have been used on monuments to portray a person's character. Charlie remarked that Grandfather Churchill was a modest man and suggested something of dignity, showing the kindness and inner strength of the man. Grandad was deeply religious and we chose a monument with an opening like a church window, sculptured with grape-vines to symbolize the Church, Unity and Holy Communion.

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Here the past will always come flooding back, bringing to us, our children and their children the strength and the character of a fine person. Here Grandfather Churchill's friends and relatives rest, too — with monuments designed to capture the individuality of the person each commemorates. There are special designs for those of every faith . . . on John Preston's memorial, hollyhocks to express inspirational desire for the

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Heavenly reward He has promised us . . . Tom Marton's with the Cross, the symbol of all Christianity, and the grape vine, which bespeaks religious truths and unity. Beauty, permanence, modern simplicity . . . it is no wonder that people everywhere prefer a cemetery where they can erect a monument to memory. For it is true that *those who have passed from this world, die only when we, whom they loved, forget them.*

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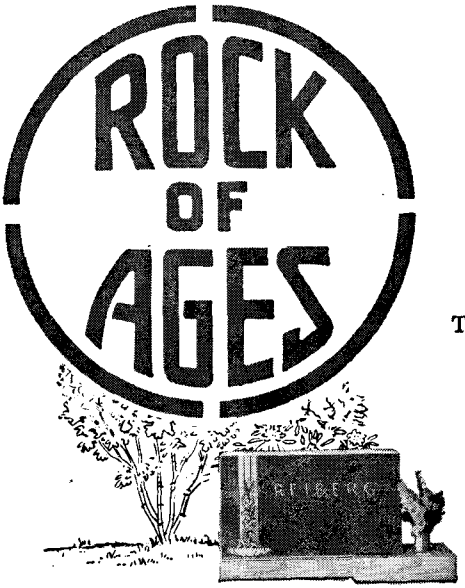

THE FLOWER VASE MONUMENT*

It has a flower vase of enduring aluminum which, when not in use, is simply inverted into the base of this graceful monument.

*U. S. Pat. Pending

Only when your monument bears this seal is it guaranteed by Rock of Ages. It's *doubly guaranteed*—to you, the purchaser, and to your cemetery officials. The man to see is your Rock of Ages Authorized Dealer. You will find his name in the yellow pages of your telephone directory.

Send for the *FREE* booklet most helpful to you

Cut out and mail to your nearest Authorized Dealer or Rock of Ages, Barre, Vermont. In Canada, Box 44, Toronto 17.

☐ "How to Choose a Family Monument" ☐ "Marker Selections"

☐ "Before The Need Arises" — *(discussing advantages of choosing Family Monuments in advance of need)*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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Golden Leaves

IT IS THE Indian summer . . . The wind is soft and low. It wafts to us the odor of forest leaves, that hang wilted on the dripping branches or drop into the stream. Their gorgeous tints are gone, as if the autumnal rains had washed them out. Orange, yellow and scarlet, all are changed to one melancholy russet hue. —LONGFELLOW

WHY IS IT THAT so many of us persist in thinking that autumn is a sad season? Nature has merely fallen asleep, and her dreams must be beautiful, if we are to judge by her countenance. —S. T. COLERIDGE

OUR AUTUMN WILL ALWAYS in some way be associated with the Indian. It is red and yellow and dusky like him. The smoke of his campfire seems again in the air. The memory of him pervades the woods. His plumes and moccasins and blanket of skins form just the costume the season demands. It was doubtless his chosen period.

—*John Burroughs' America*, edited by Farida A. Wiley (Devin-Adair Co.)

THE TIME OF THE falling of leaves has come again. Once more in our morning walk we tread upon carpets of gold and crimson, of brown and bronze, woven by the winds or the rains out of these delicate textures while we slept.

—*John Burroughs' America*, edited by Farida A. Wiley (Devin-Adair Co.)

THE LEAVES WERE FALLING from the great oak at the meadow's edge . . . One branch of the oak reached high above the others and stretched far out over the meadow. Two leaves clung to its very tip . . . The first leaf said quietly to herself, "Why must we fall . . .?" A moist wind blew cold and hostile, through the tree tops. "Ah, now," said the second leaf. "I . . ." then her voice broke off. She was torn from her place and spun down. Winter had come. —FELIX SALTEN, *Bambi* (Simon & Schuster, Inc.)

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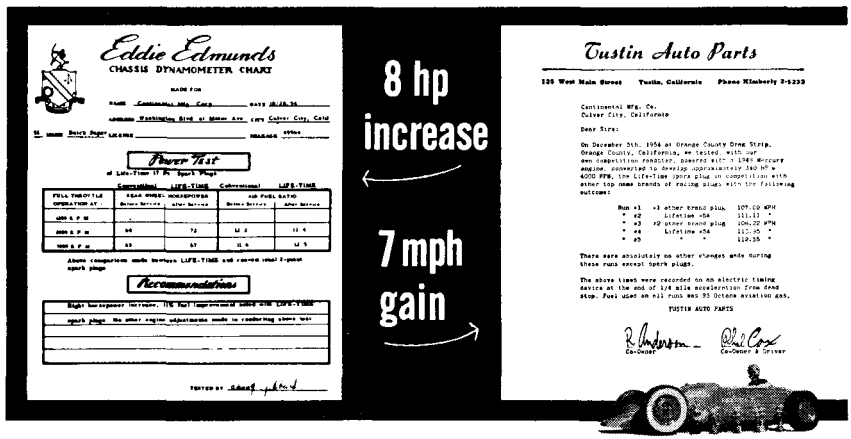
17 PT. PLUG SHOWS 11% FUEL SAVING


Eddie Edmunds
CHASSIS DYNAMOMETER CHART
Power Test
Accommodations
8 hp increase
7 mph gain
Tustin Auto Parts
125 West Main Street
Tustin, California
Phone Kimberly 7-5233
Continental Mfg. Co.
Culver City, California
Dear Sirs:
Run #1 +3 other brand plugs 107.00 MPH
" #2 Lifetime +56 111.11 "
" #3 #2 other brand plugs 104.22 MPH
" #4 Lifetime +56 112.95 "
" #5 " " 112.35 "
There were absolutely no other changes made during these runs except spark plugs.
The above times were recorded on an electric timing device at the end of 1/4 mile acceleration from dead stop. Fuel used on all runs was 91 Octane aviation gas.
TUSTIN AUTO PARTS
Co-Owner
Co-Owner & Driver

50,000 CAR MILES! Before LIFE-TIME development, the spark plug was the most often replaced part of your car. Engineers agreed that "creeping paralysis," gradual electrode disintegration, carbon buildup, widening, gap, burning, blistering, insulator failure could waste one gallon in ten. The LIFE-TIME plug goes far beyond the life of the average set of tires, the average battery, firing clean, hot and steady at 50,000 car miles!

Most spectacular spark plug research breakthrough in 50 years allows unprecedented warranty. WE GUARANTEE GREATER GAS MILEAGE—GREATER ACCELERATION—A MAJOR POWER INCREASE—OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

HOW 17 PT. FIRING WORKS Note electrodes closely. A circular arcing area (four concave segments). Gap being the same from all points. Electricity has property of arcing from coldest point. Current also arcs more readily from apex of two planes than from face of a flat, metallic surface. Note that there are 16 apexes (where two planes meet) – all the same distance from the center electrode.

SPARK ROTATES AROUND CIRCLE. Normal heat and spark erosion are spread around the entire 360 degrees and around the whole circumference of the center electrode.

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LIFE-TIME BRONZE OIL FILTER LASTS FOREVER

Saves the high cost of constant filter element replacement. Now available for all cars, trucks, tractors, industrial and marine equipment. Made of new developed porous metal, it doubles normal engine life by filtering out harmful abrasives, water and acid.

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Compact and inexpensive, puts power brakes on any car for a fraction of normal cost. Operates even with motor off. Send for brochure.

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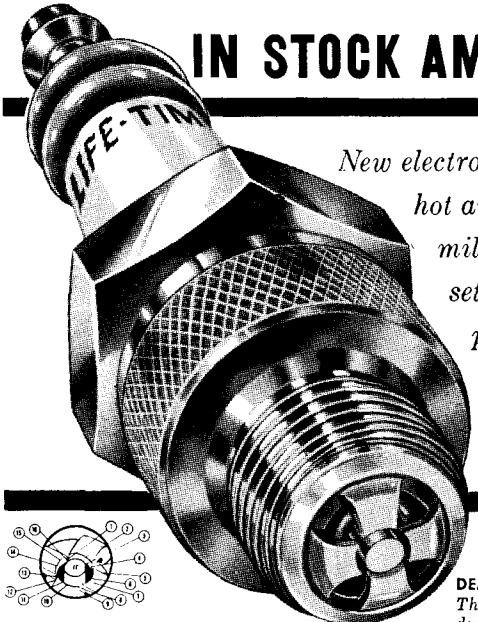

New electrode system still fires clean, hot and steady past 50,000 car miles! You may now order a set of these remarkable spark plugs for your present car, truck, boat, tractor or industrial engine from this advertisement.

• **PLATONIUM-NICKEL ALLOY ELECTRODES**—Metallurgists' first major step beyond platinum aircraft plug electrodes. Arcing points of this material have continued to function after the equivalent of 120,000 car-miles.

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• **INDIVIDUAL INSPECTION**—Each LIFE-TIME Spark Plug is tested for firing in oil and for resistance to 30,000 volts/CM.

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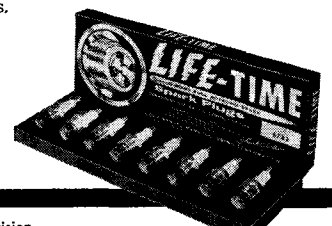
DEALERS AND DISTRIBUTORS
The LIFE-TIME Spark Plug is now in full production. Write for full details. Distributors: Please inquire as to status of your territory.

NOW ORDER REGISTERED SET FOR YOUR CAR AT POPULAR PRICE! YOU'LL RECEIVE BY MAIL this registered set of LIFE-TIME Spark Plugs in proper series (heat range and gap) for the car you indicate in coupon. NOW AVAILABLE FOR AMERICAN and EUROPEAN PASSENGER CARS, TRUCKS, BOATS, FARM EQUIPMENT, INDUSTRIAL ENGINES.



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The real test of a spark plug is "What will it do in my car?" Take the above dynamometer test on a 1951 Buick Super. It shows an 8 horsepower gain with Life-Time 17-point plugs. That was a 12½% hp gain. You don't need a dynamometer with Life-Time Plugs. You can feel the difference both in your ride and your pocketbook. Try a set and let me hear from you about them. Many thanks.

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MAKE OF MY CAR IS_____ YEAR_____

MODEL_____ NO. CYL_____

I ENCLOSE $_____ (check, cash or money order)

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ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

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Should You Call a Cop?

by CREIGHTON PEET

UNEXPECTED SITUATIONS arise every day in which conscientious members of a community are called upon to decide between unwarranted meddling in someone else's affairs and a moral responsibility to interfere. The decision is often a difficult one, and may entail the risk of embarrassment, inconvenience, bodily harm or even death.

You come upon a man lying unconscious on the sidewalk, for instance. He may be intoxicated, injured or ill. Should you concern yourself with him? You hear a man boast how he cheated on his income tax. Should you report him? You suspect a neighboring family of neglecting their children. What should you do about it?

In the excitement of an emergency it can be difficult to determine where downright nosiness stops and civil or humanitarian duty begins. Realizing this, CORONET has asked a number of representative religious leaders and police officials for their views on the following situations that might face *you* at any moment. Discuss them and decide what *you* would do; then turn to their answers and learn.

1. You come upon two men fighting and it seems obvious that one may be seriously injured unless they are stopped. Should you attempt to separate them?

2. You see an accident happen. Should you step up and offer to be a witness?

3. You find a man lying unconscious on the street. Should you simply assume that he is intoxicated, or stop and make an effort to find out if he is ill?

4. You hear neighbors having a violent quarrel in which, you gather, a gun is involved. Should you take it upon yourself to notify the police?

5. You see a man climbing into an unlighted house late at night. Should you call the police?

6. You are awakened by cries for help from the street. Should you go out to help, or stay safely at home and phone the police?

7. You are on a bus and a couple of burly toughs are cursing and using foul language. Should you try to quiet them?

8. You see a man bothering a

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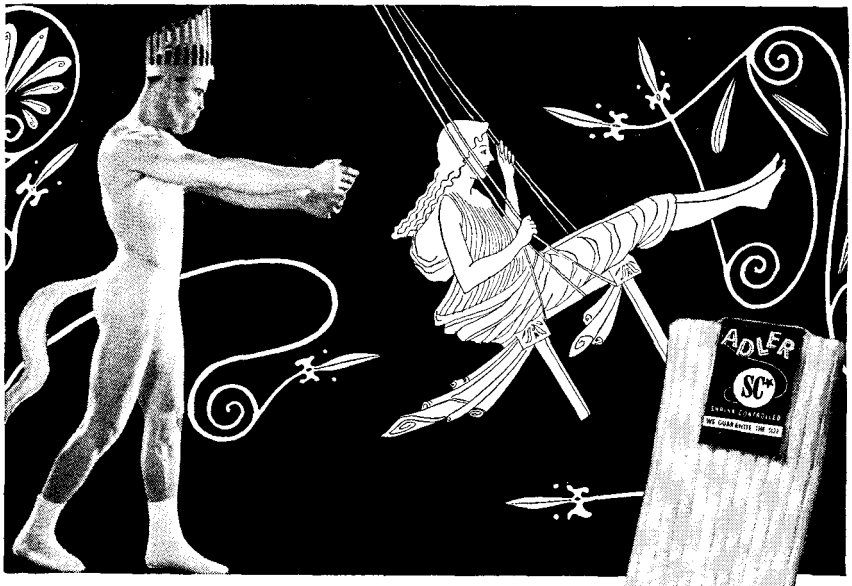

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very young girl and you suspect she does not know how to handle the situation. Should you interfere?

9. You see an odd-looking man strike up a conversation with a young boy in a park, give him candy and lead him away. Should you interfere?

10. You see a man whose behavior suggests suicide. Is it your duty to try to stop him?

11. You know a recluse is in serious ill health, but refuses to admit neighbors or a physician. Should you notify the authorities?

12. You hear a man boast that he cheated substantially on his income tax. Is it your moral and civic responsibility to report him?

13. You get a ticket for speeding and the policeman offers to fix it. Should you report him?

14. You discover that the firm for which you work is cheating its customers. Should you notify the proper authorities?

15. You suspect neighbors are neglecting their children, who look ill and underfed. Should you report them?

NOW, CONSULT THE ANSWERS and see how your decisions compare with the opinions of clergymen and police officials.

1. Most clerics felt you should do something, but how much depended on your ability to finish what you started. "You are under no obligation to be a hero," one observed, however. "Your intervention might not right a wrong, and you might get yourself killed."

Police officials believed the citizen should not become involved, but should call a cop.

2. Several clerics felt the seriousness of the accident was a major factor in deciding whether to offer to be a witness, although they agreed that one had a "duty" to do so.

Chief Frank A. Sweeney of Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, summed up the policeman's attitude this way: "You have a moral if not a legal responsibility to be a witness . . . and remember . . . next time, *you* may be the one in need of similar help."

3. Both pastors and police agreed that the man should be investigated, as he might have been hit by a car, be in a diabetic coma—or dead. Rabbi Louis L. Mann of the Chicago Sinai Congregation commented: "Sins of omission are sins of commission." Dr. James W. Kennedy of the Church of the Ascension in New York City pointed out that this might not be a pleasant task, explaining: "Rescuing a pretty girl at the beach is one thing—but pulling a human derelict to safety is a much more severe test of Christian charity."

4. The preponderance of feeling among the clerics was that the good citizen *should* call the police; but there were several cautions and definite "no's." Msgr. Maurice S. Sheehy of the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C., suggested pertinently: "Check your own radio and TV first to be sure it's not a crime program . . . then phone your neighbors to ask if help is needed." This might embarrass them into stopping.

Msgr. Michael A. McGuire of St. Stephen's in New York City, questioning the wisdom of interfering without positive assurance of good results, recalled seeing a stranger

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Have *you* outgrown fun?

FUN isn't merely for children, you know—or for the rich—or the happy-go-lucky. A woman needs fun, almost as much as she needs food!

Fun keeps you feeling young, looking young—makes you *fun to be with.*

But—if you're like all too many women today—you may be missing out...

Perhaps each day seems alike . . . gray, and a little grim. You do the same monotonous chores, almost drag yourself from one task to another. You're irritated by little things.

You tell yourself that you're not really sick, so you certainly can't blame your health. *But you're far from being really well.*

You see, it just wouldn't occur to the average woman that anything as simple as the *caffein habit* may have an effect on the way she feels. But...

Your doctor would tell you that, for some women, one of the worst offenders against the human nervous system is the caffein in coffee or tea.

The use of this strong stimulant day after day, year after year, may make you tired, nervous, irritable.

However, if you're addicted to this habit, there's no reason why you can't get yourself in tune again.

You simply switch from caffein-heavy drinks to a new and wonderful hot beverage—*Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum, now available for the first time!*

There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour or a headache in it because *it doesn't have a speck of caffein.*

You owe it to yourself and to your family to try this wonderful, caffein-free beverage not once, but for 30 consecutive days.

Of course, if you're one of the many people who don't care for the taste of coffee, remember that *regular* Instant Postum is still available. Your grocer has *both.*

Don't let another day go by without giving Instant Postum a fair 30-day trial. See if you don't feel better! Act better! Look better!

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YOUR SCHOOL, CHURCH OR CLUB has easy access to a Coronet film rental library. You have your choice of more than 600 16mm sound motion pictures in color or black-and-white . . . no farther away than your telephone . . . and at low rental rates. If a phone call is inconvenient, a postal card to your nearest film library, listed below, will bring you complete information free of charge.

ALABAMA

A-V Aids Serv., U. of Ala., University

ARIZONA

Bureau of A-V Aids, Arizona State Coll., Tempe
Visual Aids Bureau, U. of Ariz., Tucson

ARKANSAS

A-V Dept., State Teachers Coll., Conway
A-V Aids Serv., Ark. State Coll., State College

CALIFORNIA

Extension Div., U. of Calif., Berkeley
Craig Movie Supply Co., 1053 S. Olive St., Los Angeles 15
Ideal Pictures, 8764 Holloway Dr., Los Angeles 46
Extension Div., U. of Calif., Los Angeles
Ideal Pictures, 4247 Piedmont, Oakland 11

COLORADO

Extension Div., U. of Colo., Boulder
Ideal Pictures, 714 18th, Denver 2
Instr. Materials Center, State Coll., Greeley

CONNECTICUT

Pix Film Service, 34 E. Putnam, Greenwich

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Paul L. Brand & Son, 2153 "K" St., N.W., Washington 7

FLORIDA

Dept. of Visual Inst., Gen. Ext. Div., U. of Florida, Gainsville
Ideal Pictures, 1331 N. Miami, Miami 32
A-V Service, Florida State U., Tallahassee

GEORGIA

Extension Div., U. of Georgia, Athens
Ideal Pictures, 52 Auburn, N.E., Atlanta 3

IDAHO

Film Library, State College, Pocatello

ILLINOIS

Watland, Inc., 13039 S. Western, Blue Island
A-V Aids Serv., Southern Ill. U., Carbondale
Visual Aids Serv., U. of Ill., Champaign
Ideal Pictures, 58 E. S. Water, Chicago 1
Selected Films, 345 Walnut St., Northfield

INDIANA

A-V Center, Indiana U., Bloomington

IOWA

Visual Inst. Serv., State Coll., Ames
Eastin Pictures, Putnam Bldg., Davenport
Ideal Pictures, 1108 High St., Des Moines
Extension Div., U. of Iowa, Iowa City

KANSAS

Extension Div., U. of Kansas, Lawrence
Leffingwell's, 210 S. Santa Fe, Salina

KENTUCKY

Ideal Pictures, 422 W. Liberty, Louisville 2
Dept. of Extension, U. of Kentucky, Lexington

LOUISIANA

Ideal Pictures, 211½ Murray St., Alexandria

MARYLAND

Kunz Motion Picture Serv., 426 N. Calvert, Baltimore
Ideal Pictures, 537 N. Howard St., Baltimore 1

MASSACHUSETTS

Ideal Pictures, 40 Melrose, Boston 16
Boston U. Film Library, 322 Bay State Rd., Boston 15

MICHIGAN

A-V Educ. Center, U. of Mich., 4028 Adm. Bldg., Ann Arbor
Ideal Pictures, 13400 W. McNichols Rd., Detroit 35
A-V Center, Michigan State University, East Lansing
Locke Films, 124 W. South, Kalamazoo

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MINNESOTA

Ideal Pictures, 1915 Chicago, Minneapolis 4
Midwest A-V Serv., 10 West 25th St., Minneapolis
Extension Serv., U. of Minnesota, Minneapolis

MISSISSIPPI

School of Educ., U. of Mississippi, University

MISSOURI

Extension Div., U. of Missouri, Columbia
Ideal Pictures, 1402 Locust St., Kansas City 6
Swank's, Inc., 614 N. Skinker, St. Louis 5

MONTANA

Dept. of Vis. Educ., State Dept. of Educ., Helena

NEBRASKA

Extension Div., U. of Nebraska, Lincoln
Modern Sound Pictures, Inc., 1410 Howard St., Omaha 2

NEW JERSEY

Film Library, State Museum, Trenton

NEW MEXICO

Film Library, E. New Mexico U., Portales

NEW YORK

Museum of Science, Humboldt Park, Buffalo
Ideal Pictures, 1558 Main, Buffalo 9
Amer. Museum of Nat'l. History, 79th & Central Pk. West, New York 24
Ideal Pictures, 233-239 W. 42nd St., New York 36
Educ. Film Library, Syracuse U., Syracuse

NORTH CAROLINA

Extension Div., U. of N. Carolina, Chapel Hill
National School Supply Co., 14 Glenwood Ave., Raleigh

NORTH DAKOTA

Div. of Supervised Study, Agric. Coll., Fargo
The Starline Co., Box 1152, Grand Forks

OHIO

Vere O. Smith A-V Service, P. O. Box 344, Athens
Ideal Pictures, 125 E. Sixth St., Cincinnati 2
Church School Pictures, 1118 Walnut, Cleveland 14
Slide & Film Exch., State Dept. of Educ., Columbus
Twyman Films, 400 W. 1st, Dayton
Ideal Pictures, 23 N. Mulberry, Mansfield
M. H. Martin Co., 1118 Lincoln Way East, Massillon

OKLAHOMA

Extension Div., U. of Oklahoma, Norman
Ideal Pictures, 522 N. Broadway, Oklahoma City
Bureau of Film Serv., A & M Coll., Stillwater

OREGON

Visual Inst. Serv., State Coll., Corvallis
Ideal Pictures, 1239 S.W. 14th Ave., Portland 5

PENNSYLVANIA

J. P. Lilley & Son, 928 N. 3rd, Harrisburg
B. E. George, Hawthorne
Indiana Film Library, Indiana
Millersville Film Library, Millersville
Ideal Pictures, 1729 Sansom St., Philadelphia 3
Ideal Pictures, 2422 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh 34
PCW Film Library, Coll. for Women, Pittsburgh
L. C. Vath, A-V Aids, P. O. Box "C," Sharpsville
A-V Aids Library, Pa. State Univ., University Park

SOUTH CAROLINA

Extension Div., U. of S. Carolina, Columbia

SOUTH DAKOTA

Taylor Films, 79 Third St., S.E., Huron

TENNESSEE

Extension Div., U. of Tennessee, Knoxville
Extension Div., U. T. Jr. Coll., Martin
Ideal Pictures, 18 S. 3rd, Memphis 3
U. Extension Div., 2321 West End, Nashville
A-V Dept., Methodist Publishing House, Nashville 2

TEXAS

Dept. of Visual Educ., State Dept. of Educ., Austin
Visual Inst. Bureau, U. of Texas, Austin 12
Ideal Pictures, 3025 Routh St., Dallas

UTAH

Bureau of A-V Inst., Brigham Young U., Provo
Bureau of A-V Educ., U. of Utah, Salt Lake City
Ideal Pictures, 54 Orpheum Ave., Salt Lake City

VIRGINIA

Ideal Pictures, 219 E. Main, Richmond 19

WASHINGTON

Dept. of Visual Educ., Coll. of Educ., Ellensburg
Extension Div., State Coll., Pullman
Instr. Materials Center, U. of Wash., Seattle 5

WEST VIRGINIA

Pavis Electronics & Supply Co., P. O. Box 6095, Charleston 2
Kyle & Co., Court St. & Washington Ave., Clarksburg

WISCONSIN

Fond du Lac Camera Center, 7 S. Main, Fond du Lac
Tip Top Visual Serv., 1403 Travis, La Crosse
Extension Div., U. of Wisconsin, Madison
Roa's Films, 844 N. Plankinton, Milwaukee 3

CANADA

Div. of Visual Inst., U. of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta
Sovereign Film Distributors, Ltd.
1200 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que.
277 Victoria St., Toronto, Ont.
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244 Smith St., Winnipeg, Man.

HAWAII

Ideal Pictures, 1370 S. Beretania, Honolulu

IRELAND

National Film Institute, 29 Dame St., Dublin

PHILIPPINES

Benitez and Co., Ltd., State Bldg., Manila

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go to the rescue of a wife being beaten by her husband—whereupon the wife felled the stranger with a piece of bric-a-brac.

Police authorities were unanimous in advising that an officer be called. Chief Herbert T. Jenkins of Atlanta warned, "But it is very important that only *facts* be reported . . . people should be tolerant of their neighbors' shortcomings . . . and not use law enforcement to spite someone they may personally dislike."

5. Both police and churchmen agreed you should take action; but some suggested calling to the man first. If he were merely locked out he would readily identify himself; an intruder might, however, be frightened off.

6. Most of the clerics believed you should go to help—as well as call the police—but added that prudence would determine how much you should risk. One said, "I shouldn't go out, but I *would*."

7. Most clerics and police felt this was the driver's job, although several were for persuasion and a few for direct action such as offering to help the driver throw the men off. Rev. Harold Yochum of Capital University, Columbus, Ohio, said dryly, "I once got a black eye for doing something quite similar."

Some pastors advised playing deaf. Rabbi Bernard Segal, of the United Synagogue of America, did not feel bad language was worth getting into a fight over adding, "It's a question of the lesser of two evils and I consider violence at least as objectionable as foul language."

8. Tact appeared to be the important thing here, although the Rev. Whitney Yeaple of Concord, New Hampshire, said he would "interfere, and fast." Another churchman observed: "Nobility is laudable, but if you're beaten up you're no help to the girl."

One police official pointed out that when such a person is confronted he usually runs away.

9. "Some people are over-imaginative and forever reading things into situations which are not true," observed Msgr. McGuire. Another cleric commented, "All 'odd-looking' people are not odd, and not all 'odd' people are odd-looking." Very reasonable seemed the suggestion: "Use some pretext to draw both the boy and the man into conversation, to find out the relationship between them. If you are suspicious, do not hesitate to call the police."

Howard R. Eide, Des Moines, Iowa, police chief was of the opinion that just scaring the man away was not enough. "If he were criminally inclined he would then be free to prey on other innocent boys and girls," the chief explained. "Police should be called to investigate."

10. The pastors felt that quick action is called for here, that it would be better to be mistaken than too late. They agreed the police should be called, but that when seconds were involved they could not be much help.

11. Many clergymen and all police officials believed you should get the authorities to investigate, but some felt this would be an infringement of the rights of the individual. They suggested that a relative or pastor should try first.

A man is within his rights not to want to see people, one officer cautioned, and no one should attempt

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to enter his house without his permission or a legal authorization.

12. Only half believed the average citizen had any duty to report such a man, pointing out that the Government has its own agents to enforce laws. Almost half the clerics suggested that such a remark might be merely bragging in an effort to impress listeners with the speaker's smartness.

Two police officials advised reporting him "because if he cheats the Government he is cheating you." Another pointed out that such a boast, true or false, would cause others to think of committing the same crime.

13. The response was almost unanimously in favor of reporting the cop, although one cleric thought scorning the offer was enough.

14. Generally, the feeling was that you should report this, though many religious leaders pointed out that you had an even greater responsibility to your family—unless you personally were engaged in the dishonesty. Many suggested you change jobs in a hurry, if possible.

Police officials said, "You, too, are cheating because you work for the firm, and when they are caught you may be involved."

15. Most churchmen believed you should. "A moral obligation exists if children are neglected," said one clergyman. The Rev. James W. Fifield, Jr., of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles suggested: "I would undertake to point out in a friendly way the duty of parents before calling the authorities." Another churchman flatly stated: "No. You should not interfere with family life. Inefficient parents are not your affair. The children may be quite happy despite the fact that they seem badly cared for."

Police officials agreed it was the community's duty to see that children had happy, normal lives.

Speaking of the situations generally, several of the clergymen questioned emphasized the difficulty of making hard and fast rules. "When I was very young and just out of the seminary," Dr. Kennedy said, "I used to think how useful it would be to have a book with all the answers down in black and white. I soon learned no such book could exist, and yet the cry of human need must be answered."

Msgr. McGuire summed it up with the suggestion that God's idea of man's responsibility for his fellow man could be found in the verse, "Greater love than this no man hath, than a man lay down his life for his friends."

Sales Psychology

Loss of a sale was a heart-rending calamity to an old New England general storekeeper who was also the community's postmaster. He had no helper and when he had to meet the mail train, he was tormented by thoughts of tourists stopping for gas and soft drinks, and finding him gone.

Finally he hit upon a comforting solution. He printed a sign in bold, red letters which proclaimed, during his absences: "Back in 15 minutes. Already been gone 10."

—*Wall Street Journal*

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*Here Fran is slimmed and shaped with a really gentle touch! This Skippies Girdle is fashioned in airy-light, action-loving nylon elastic net, with a satin elastic front panel for tummy control. The 2½" waistband eases inches from the midriff. Skippies Girdle No. 915, S, M, L, $5.00. *Also available as Skippies Pantie No. 815.*

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at home or on the road...

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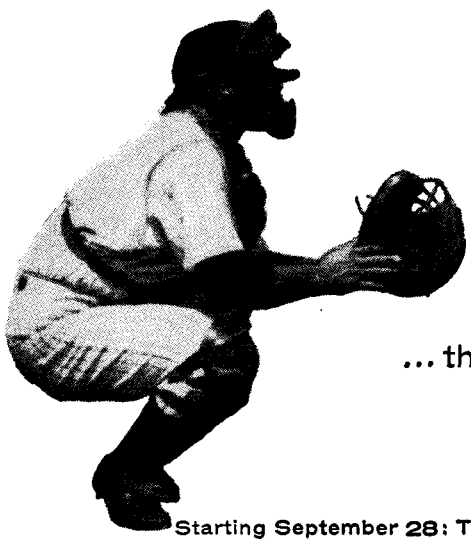

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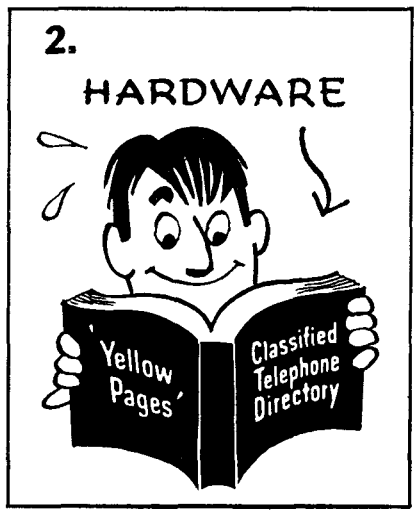

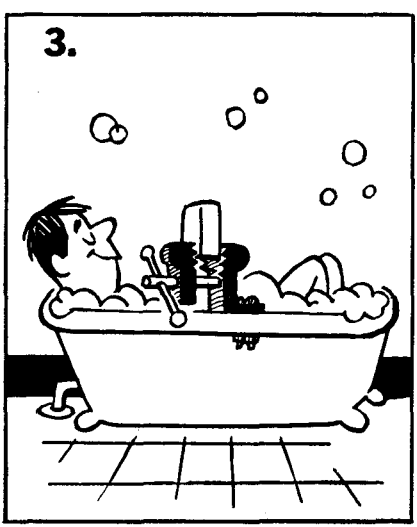

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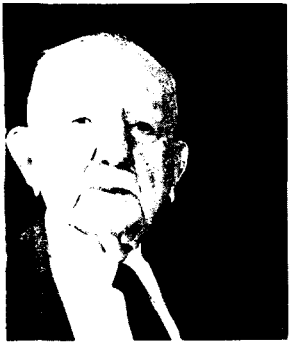
WILLIAM L. VROOM

MAURICE J. LEWI



WILLIAM L. WARRINER

FREDERICK B. STREETER

50 Years of Medicine

Photography and text by Carl Bakal

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"Medicine—the great adventure . . ."

"THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE must always be an adventure," genial, 89-year-old Dr. William L. Vroom will tell you. "A good doctor must be a pioneer, with spiritual fire and dedication." His 68 years of general practice have been all of that.

Born in Hoboken, New Jersey, April 1, 1866, the doctor was graduated from New York University Medical School during the famous Blizzard of '88. "They taught us that if we kept our surgical blades with the cutting edges down, no germs could fall on them," he remembers. He hung out his shingle in Ridgewood, New Jersey, and still practices there.

His great adventure began with one of the terrible diphtheria epidemics. The other county doctors feared to take a chance with the new antitoxin. "I had 28 cases—and every one would die," Dr. Vroom says. "I had to try it." The antitoxin worked, and the others started using it.

Dr. Vroom was the first M.D. in the county to use insulin for diabetes, the first to own an automobile—a steam-driven Locomobile that cost $700 in 1898. It had kerosene lights and foot brakes. Gasoline was 8¢ a gallon. You bought it in hardware and drug stores.

In those days, doctors operated in the patient's home, usually on the kitchen table. "Few babies ever thought of being born in a hospital," he says. "My fee for delivery was $10. For an office visit it was $1. We had to make a living."

The great adventure now, the genial old general practitioner thinks, is seeing the medical wonders come along, one right after another. Reminds him of the patient who complained of stomach trouble and was advised to eat a hearty meal before retiring. "But doctor," the patient protested, "a month ago you told me not to eat anything before going to bed."

"Did I?" said the doctor. "Well, that goes to show what progress medical science has made since I saw you last."

Dr. Vroom has delivered 3,000 babies, worn out 28 horses and 12 automobiles—and never had time to think of growing old. Although he does not habitually indulge in liquor or tobacco, he likes to tell about the patient who asked his doctor how he could live to be 100.

"Give up liquor, women and tobacco," the doctor advised.

"Will I live to be 100 if I do?" the patient asked.

"No," answered the doctor, "but it will certainly seem like it."

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"Father of Scientific Chiropody"

DR. MAURICE J. LEWI, at 97, is believed to be the oldest active physician in the United States, as well as the oldest college president. Asked the inevitable question about the secret of his longevity, he answers with a twinkle, "I never waste energy resisting temptations." His own include a daily quota of eight or so cigars, and he never shirks his responsibility "when the glass is raised high, with or without the spoken toast."

Often called the "Father of Scientific Chiropody," Dr. Lewi puts in six or seven hours a day supervising over 90 faculty members and 150 students at the New York College of Podiatry which he helped found and has headed since 1913. He is also president of the Foot Clinics of New York.

His interest in foot care began as a boy in Albany, New York, where he was born in 1857, the sixth of 14 children. His physician father, who suffered intermittently from "foot complaints" and was able to get relief only from the ministrations of a shady old foot doctor, told Maurice, "Some day I hope you may be able to guide the medical profession in treating the foot with the same scientific care it gives to other parts of the body."

Young Lewi took the three four-month courses—all that was required to qualify for the final exams—and received his M.D. from Albany Medical College in 1877. After postgraduate work in Heidelberg and Vienna, where medical standards were far superior, he set up practice and started a crusade for better medical legislation.

In the 1880s, Dr. Lewi wrote New York State's Medical Practice Act which became the model for virtually every other state. He advocated legislation regulating the practice of midwifery, which, when eventually enacted, practically eliminated blindness in the newborn.

"Vanity and the lack of foot-consciousness," Dr. Lewi claims, "are still two of the greatest causes of foot trouble." He wears high-button shoes himself, and has never had foot trouble, except for a corn back in 1913. He has never had a vacation either.

In his 79 years in medicine, Dr. Lewi has seen the average life span increase 25 years and thinks ages of 110 and 120 may be fairly common in the next two or three generations. He does not plan to stop working. "While the lamp burns, don't snuff it out," he says. "So long as a man has inspiration and the will to go on, he exemplifies youth."

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"The wonders I have seen . . ."

ALTHOUGH 93-YEAR-OLD Dr. William L. Warriner, G.P., has never achieved the fame of Dr. Charles Mayo, a fellow graduate of the class of '88 at the old Chicago Medical College, he is a living legend in Topeka, Kansas.

Born in Amboy, Illinois, Dr. Warriner started practice in Fort Scott, Kansas, making his calls on foot or horseback to treat soldiers, settlers and Indians. Farmers came to him from miles around to have aching teeth pulled; in those days every doctor carried dental forceps.

"Generally, about all we could do for a patient was feel his pulse to tell if his heart was feeble or strong," Dr. Warriner recalls, shaking his head. "How we ever got along with the drugs we had I don't know. For anesthesia, if we didn't have ether, we used morphine—or just held the patient down.

"We thought appendicitis was an inflammation of the bowels and lanced it like a boil to drain out the pus. God knows how many patients got infected because the doctor didn't know enough to wash his hands.

"We used quinine for everything from malaria to colds. For tuberculosis—we called it "consumption"—we prescribed cough medicine. For diarrhea—the "second summer," usually fatal to children—we gave paregoric. It at least quieted their crying. And if a patient had diabetes—all we could do was tell his relatives that he'd live another two years at the most. Much of the time it wasn't that we didn't know what was wrong with the patient, but that we couldn't do anything about it.

"Ah, the wonders I have seen! The antibiotics—penicillin, streptomycin, aureomycin—and now the polio vaccine! To me they are the greatest things that have come along in medicine during my lifetime."

Today, in addition to his practice and his weekly tour of duty at the city's clinic for the poor, Dr. Warriner acts as medical director of the Pioneer National Life Insurance Company. He enjoys the tributes paid him at the annual birthday party his colleagues there give him, but he doesn't like to talk about his age. "Emerson," he reminds you, "said that we do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count." In Dr. Warriner's case, certainly, that doesn't apply.

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"Now . . . to find cures for our spiritual ills."

THE AMERICAN FLAG had only 31 stars when Frederick B. Streeter was born in Hampton, New York, on June 9, 1854. He received his M.D. at Albany Medical College two years after Dr. Lewi. His most prized possession is the surgical kit his father carried as an Army surgeon during the Civil War. In a sense, it symbolizes the strides medicine has made during his 101 years, for its gleaming instruments with their ivory handles were not intended to be boiled.

"When I started to practice here in my home town, every doctor had a skeleton hanging in his office," Dr. Streeter says. "There were no X-ray machines, so it was important to know your anatomy. We knew so little else." He smiles, reminiscently. "Though I've brought thousands of babies into the world, I still can't understand why most of them were born at three in the morning."

This Methuselah of medicine, who stopped practicing in 1948, adds, "As I look back, I realize that there have been more medical advances since I was born than in the 2,000 years that preceded me. Now that we've found cures for most of our bodily ailments, we should get together and find cures for our spiritual ones."

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Human Comedy

MY SISTER, a commercial chemist, was working late one Saturday at the lab when the mailman arrived with a C. O. D. package. She had no authority to accept the package nor the money to pay for it, but hesitated to refuse. It might be something important—a vital rush order for Monday morning—or perhaps something the company hadn't ordered at all. Desperately she turned and asked the waiting postman, "What's in it?"

"Lady," he replied with admirable control, "how do I know what's in it? We don't open the packages. We just read the postcards."

—FORDE J. BISHOP in *Pen*

A MANHATTAN mother asked her nine-year-old daughter why her report card was so poor.

"Mommy, I can't help it," the youngster explained. "I don't sit next to any smart people."

—BILLY LOHMEYER

WHEN A FRIEND of mine, also a piano tuner, was ill I took over some of his assignments. One was the tuning of a piano in the parlor of a girls' boarding-house. While I was at my work, several of the girls casually strolled through the parlor in various states of undress. The climax came when a young lady in startling dishabille appeared to pay the bill. As I was writing the receipt, she suddenly gave me a bewildered look, then fled screaming, "That's not our regular man!"

Their regular man is blind.

—ALEX BYRNES

WHEN A TORNADO struck a small Mississippi community one night a few years ago, I was among the volunteers who searched for injured. Passing the entrance to a small cave, I heard someone praying inside.

"Are you hurt?" I shouted.

"No—" a shaky voice answered.

"Anybody in there with you?" I asked.

"No. Just me and God."

—W. LAN BASS

DRIVING OUT one of our main thoroughfares the other day, the car in the lane to my right suddenly attempted to make a left turn directly in front of me. To avoid a collision I applied the brakes hard and swung sharply to the left also. We ended up side by side with our front wheels on the curb, and I found myself looking at a surprised elderly woman driver.

Furious, I demanded, "Don't you ever signal?" And I was completely non-plussed to hear her answer, "In the day time?"

—KATHLEEN LEAVITT

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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by Richard G. Hubler

If the title of America's Sweetheart—vacated years ago by Mary Pickford—ever descends to another movie star, the most likely candidate is a tiny blue-eyed blonde named June Allyson.

Whether playing a calculating vixen ("The Shrike") or a dyed-hair cut-up ("The Reformer and the Redhead"), Miss Allyson's acting rarely differs. But in each role she manages to persuade the audi-

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As a Broadway chorus girl, June learned show-business know-how—and waited for the breaks that help make a star

ence that she is the emotional soul of the character.

The wife of a famous orchestra leader ("The Glenn Miller Story") upon seeing herself portrayed by Miss Allyson, wept: "June is so much the way I was."

June Allyson is acknowledged to be one of the three top feminine stars of Hollywood, where she is so much in demand that she receives an estimated $200,000 per picture.

The reasons for this are a little obscure. For Miss Allyson is physically deceiving. As her husband, actor-producer-director Dick Powell, once remarked as he gazed at her five-foot-two critically at breakfast: "Are you sure you're not a boy?" Yet her slim 91-pound figure, wind-blown yellow hair, wide cornflower eyes, and perpetually parted mouth do something to moviegoers.

Lacking the sex appeal of Marilyn Monroe or the polished-forehead lure of Grace Kelly, Miss Allyson's personality is nevertheless equally attractive to both men and women. "The women think she's cute and sweet and no threat," says one producer. "The men think she's wonderful just because she's there."

Another explanation is that she has developed to a high point the illusion of *listening* to people. Psychologists claim that this is one of the few sure methods of winning friends and influencing audiences. Miss Allyson has the art of stealing scenes from such actors as James Stewart and Van Johnson simply by letting them bend her small pink ears. Actors opposite her have been known to remark dazedly: "She listened me right out of that picture."

A third school of thought in Hollywood contends it is because of her voice, a basso which has been described as "a vocal strip tease" and which the lady herself believes to be "a hideous croak." At any rate, she says, "I sang baritone on the boys' side in school and everyone thought I was a nasty little male when mother shaved my head after my accident."

This accident happened at the age of eight, when she and her mother were living in suburban Pelham Bay, New York. Pedaling her bicycle along the street one day after a storm, a dead branch fell on her head. It fractured her skull and broke her back.

As a result, Miss Allyson spent two months in the hospital and four more in a wheelchair, and wore a velvet-and-steel brace until she was 16. The brace, she claims, was responsible for the most terrifying moment of her life.

"I went to my first dance," she says, "at 13. I was sitting against the wall when one of the boys came up, bowed and asked me to dance. I was so delighted I was in agony. He took me out on the floor, put his arm around me, and gasped: 'What's that?'"

Miss Allyson told him it was her brace. The boy gulped, and left her standing in the middle of the floor. She never went to another dance—

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but she solemnly determined to make good as a dancer.

She went to movies and studied the techniques of stage dancing. She practiced grimly every night until she could imitate the steps of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in musical productions like "The Gay Divorcee," which she saw 18 times.

A friend heard her brag about this and challenged her to get a job in a Broadway chorus. Miss Allyson, just out of high school reported for a chorus call—and, to her amazement, got a job at $35 a week.

With much the same determination, Miss Allyson today runs a 58-acre estate, three servants, a couple of children, a sports car, assorted animals and a talented husband.

At the studio, her demands for changes in script, scenes and similar items are usually met in haste. She recently ordered her press agents to dispose of all "sweetness-and-light" stories—then changed her mind.

"I guess I'll always be the all-American girl," she mourned. "Somebody wrote in the other day demanding that I play the starring role of the woman alcoholic in 'I'll Cry Tomorrow'—because I'm so sweet.' "

BORN OCTOBER 7, 1923, in New York City—"somewhere under the old Third Avenue El at 143rd Street," a circumstance which Miss Allyson has only recently confessed—she admits to what can legitimately be called a poverty-stricken childhood.

She was christened Eleanor Frances, and spent her youth in a bewildering series of stepfathers and new homes. Her mother was married several times (her present husband is a taxi-driver); they moved from place to place until they lost count. "Everything went fine," Miss Allyson says cheerfully. "If it didn't I never noticed it."

Her father, Robert, was an apartment-house superintendent. The first real cash she and her mother ever had was the few thousand dollars they got from the municipality of Pelham Bay when the branch fell on her head.

The cuteness that is Miss Allyson's trademark commenced to develop soon after her accident. Immobilized for months, she discovered that being cuddleable is a potent tool for getting what you want.

Some critics think her too far over on the cute side. Miss Allyson shares their opinion to a degree, and has been known to stop a scene during shooting and inquire anxiously of the director: "Was I being *too* cute?" As a shrewd performer, she is capable of absolute frankness when viewing herself and her career.

Miss Allyson's stubborn energy sometimes exasperates her best-wishers, even her husband. When others speak of his wife's "million-dollar cold," Powell has been known to thoughtfully remark: "My wife is hoarse only because she talks so much."

From time to time, there have been rumors that he and June have reached the end of the line. Now, with the announcement of her inclusion in his latest picture, a musical version of the old classic, "It Happened One Night," this kind of mongering seems over. "Greater love has no husband," sighed one of their friends, "than to direct his wife in a movie, especially Junie."

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In the early days of her career, Miss Allyson was as aspiring as any youngster in the chorus line. Composed of equal parts of naïveté, shrewdness, honesty and a hangover of little-girlishness, she soon learned that she could reduce Broadway producers to a sentimental pulp.

Her first chorus job was a six-month stint in the original 1940 "Sing Out the News"—and thereafter she was never out of work more than a couple of days.

At one point, she determined to become a doctor and saved $300 of her chorine salary for the purpose of entering a medical school. Unfortunately, someone borrowed the money and never returned it and "Elaine Peters"—as she was known then—gave up the idea.

After five Broadway musicals, she landed in "Panama Hattie" in 1943. When the leading lady—Ethel Merman—came down with the measles, Miss Allyson got the lead for six performances.

After her next show, "Best Foot Forward," she was given a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract. Eight screen roles later, she was a star in her own right.

Miss Allyson's debut in movies was not altogether a happy one. Though her face and manner pleased, her voice was startling. At her first interview with producer Arthur Freed, she merely said: "Hello."

Freed transfixed her with a finger. "Go home," he ordered. "Go home this instant and go to bed."

"Why?" quavered Miss Allyson.

"That voice," said Freed. "I'll send my doctor over and he'll have it fixed in no time at all."

By the time she had convinced him that her profundo was natural, he had cut her out of all songs in her second MGM film.

The former showgirl plays a favorite role.

Because of her five-foot, two-inch height, Miss Allyson has an acting disadvantage she calls "playing to a belt buckle." Working with six-footers-plus like James Stewart, she has to be careful not to get eliminated entirely from a shot.

Once, Stewart blissfully put out his arms to her, missed, and gasped: "Man, I thought I'd lost you!"

In Hollywood she met one of her old screen idols—Dick Powell, 20 years her senior. For four years June had been dating a man she identifies only as "Tommy," to whom she gives credit for her social education.

"He taught me how to drink, how to wear simple dresses, how to handle a lot of forks, how to meet people," she says. "Tommy was just like a college to me. But his mother didn't care for my personality."

Her first meeting with Powell

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started romantic complications. After their eighth date, Miss Allyson turned to him on the way home—it was a rainy night—and said: "What are your intentions?"

Powell, stunned, stuttered: "What do you mean, 'intentions'?"

Then he declared loudly that he had none. His divorce from another lady of the stage and screen, Joan Blondell, was not yet final. Anyway, he had been through the mill and did not intend to marry again.

"I don't think we'd better see each other again," choked Miss Allyson, and commenced to weep.

Powell grimly left her at her home and drove to his own, some 15 miles away. There, according to custom, he called Miss Allyson up to say good night. She was unable to talk because of sobs.

Powell climbed into his car and roared back through the storm.

"I met him at the door with a red nose and my eyes swollen," Miss Allyson says complacently.

"Why are you crying?" demanded Powell.

"Because you don't love me!" cried Miss Allyson.

"But I do love you!"

She flung herself at him shouting: "And I love *you*, Tommy!"

Today, ten years after the ceremony, the Powells seem to be not only in love but also highly successful in their chosen field. While her husband produces, directs and acts in major motion pictures as well as the TV Four Star Playhouse, Miss Allyson free-lances.

Miss Allyson is capable of getting enormously excited over such things as her panelled, wide-spread house. She grows rhapsodic over the birth of a colt, the size of her private lake and the imminent arrival of a new car in coral pink, her favorite color.

The older of their children, seven-year-old Pamela, was adopted in 1948; five-year-old Ricky was born in 1950. "He has Richard's face," says Miss Allyson, "with all of my expressions."

For a girl who was forced to earn her own living at 15, who was so violently ambitious for fame that she became physically ill when she lost a part, Miss Allyson has done very well. Her only remaining obsession is one about relatives: she has, over the years, accumulated dozens of them—all of whom view her career with considerable proprietorship.

One of the two children of Powell's former marriage lives with them, together with Miss Allyson's brother. This may seem pretty complex to an outsider, but not so to the hard-working star who has spent her life facing complex situations—and coming up with a winning solution.

Sharpen Your Word Sense!

(Answers to quiz on page 81)

The passage was taken from Mark Twain's immortal "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Here are the words he chose:

1. formidable; 2. twitched; 3. swept; 4. blank; 5. chasing; 6. whirled; 7. slapped; 8. flung; 9. slipped; 10. grasped; 11. gait; 12. was sitting; 13. swinging; 14. started; 15. narrowed; 16. snaky; 17. a-cleaving; 18. surge; 19. sprang; 20. yanked.

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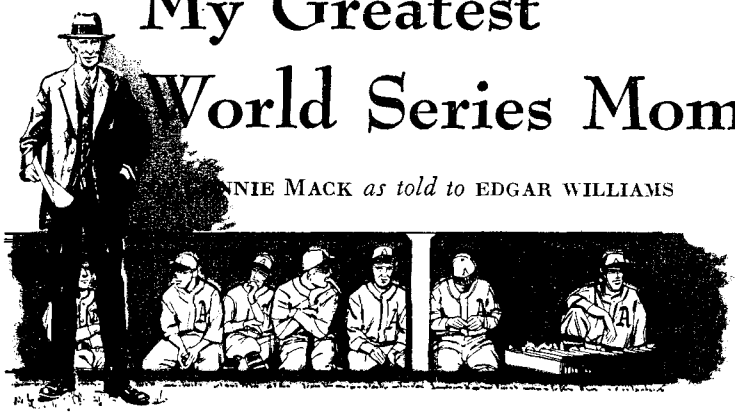
My Greatest World Series Moment

NIE MACK *as told to* EDGAR WILLIAMS



MY ATHLETICS swept to the American League pennant by a margin of 18 games in 1929 and I knew we had a great club. I confess now, however, that I didn't realize *how* great.

The World Series opened in Chicago, where we won the first two games; and we returned to Philadelphia in the driver's seat, or so it seemed. But the Cubs, managed by Joe McCarthy, one of baseball's all-time great managers, snapped back to win the third game. And the following afternoon started out as though they intended to trample us and leave us for dead.

In the seventh inning they were ahead 8-0. Inasmuch as Charley Root, the Chicago pitcher, had held us to three hits up to that point, it appeared he would have an easy time protecting an eight-run lead through the remainder of the game.

As we prepared to bat in our half of the seventh, I made a decision: I would give our regular players one more opportunity to do something against Root. If they failed to stir up at least a token rally I would insert the biggest bunch of substitutes ever to play in a Series game.

I made no announcement of my intentions, but I've always wondered if there wasn't a mind reader among the regulars that day.

Al Simmons, our first batter, hit one of Root's pitches onto the left field grandstand roof for a home run. Jimmie Dykes, our third baseman, sitting next to me in the dugout, remarked: "Well, at least we won't be shut out."

It may be that Simmons' homer broke Root's pitching rhythm. At any rate, Jimmie Foxx and Bing Miller singled; and when Dykes followed with another single, Foxx scored. As Joe Boley, our shortstop, started toward the plate, I called him back.

"That pitcher is losing his stuff," I said. "Hit the first good one he gives you."

Boley did just that. His single scored Miller. Then I sent George

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Burns up to pinch-hit and he popped to the Cub shortstop. But we weren't out of business yet.

Max Bishop, our second baseman, started things going again with a single that brought in Dykes. That cut the Cub lead to 8-4, and we had only one out, with runners at first and third. The crowd was roaring and our dugout was jumping.

At this point, McCarthy replaced Root with a southpaw pitcher named Art Nehf.

Mule Haas hit a sizzling line drive almost directly at Hack Wilson, the Cub center fielder. Wilson misjudged it. He started in for the ball, then was blinded by the sun as he tried to back-pedal. The ball whistled by him and rolled to deepest center field.

Boley and Bishop scored easily and Haas, running with all stops out, circled the bases for an inside-the-park home run. They tell me Haas made a fine slide to beat the throw to the plate, but I didn't see it.

Just as Haas rounded third base, Dykes gave the man next to him on the bench a resounding thump on the back, shouting: "He's gonna make it!"

I can testify that it was a resounding thump, for I was its recipient. I went sprawling into the bat pile. By the time I got myself untangled, Haas had scored.

There we were, only one run behind, and still but one out.

Nehf walked Mickey Cochrane, and McCarthy called in Sheriff Blake, a right-hander, to pitch to Simmons. Al, up for the second time in the inning, singled. So did Foxx, driving in Cochrane to tie the score at 8-8. McCarthy then made another pitching change, calling in Pat Malone, who promptly hit Bing Miller with a pitch, filling the bases. That brought up Dykes, who somehow was under the impression that we still were one run behind. So he swung from the heels hoping to produce a long fly ball that would bring in the tying run from third.

But he did even better than that. He cracked a double down the left field line, scoring Simmons and Foxx. That put us ahead by two runs, and it didn't matter that Malone then fanned both Boley and Burns to end the inning. It was curtains for the Cubs.

Lefty Grove, our fine southpaw, retired Chicago in order in the next two innings, and the A's had written a fantastic chapter into baseball history. We had only one scoring inning that day, but it was enough to give us a 10-8 victory. And we wrapped up the Series by winning the fifth game, 3-2.

To Coronet Readers: On a New Feature

On the last two pages of this issue of Coronet, you will find a new advertising feature, the CORONET FAMILY SHOPPER. Because of the interest shown in the new and unusual items suggested in the Products on Parade editorial feature, this new advertising section was designed to bring to your attention, each month, more products and services of interest and value.

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40,000 Fortune Hunters

At once macabre, ludicrous—and vile—was the bizarre battle for Henrietta Garrett's $20,000,000

by JOHN TOLAND

IN HER MUSTY, rundown Victorian mansion in Philadelphia, 81-year-old Henrietta Edwardina Schaefer Garrett lay dying. Only her cook, housemaid and personal maid—wearing clothes of Gay Nineties' vintage—were beside Henrietta's old-fashioned bed when she expired on November 16, 1930. And the odd little old lady was mourned only by them.

Henrietta's husband, Walter Garrett, had died 35 years before, leaving her $7,000,000. But since the gas-lit house on Ninth Street had no modern plumbing, and its mistress made her servants walk blocks to save a penny on a loaf of bread, it was assumed the Garrett fortune was gone.

Then came the startling news that Henrietta had actually left a staggering $17,000,000—and no will! This was the signal for the wildest money squabble in history.

Philadelphia was deluged with weeping relatives. And before this most fantastic of all inheritance cas-

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es was over, 40,000 descendants had jumped out of Henrietta's family tree demanding a slice of the money. Even Adolf Hitler, through the Nazi Consul, made a bid for the loot!

IT ALL BEGAN quietly in the spring of 1872 when 22-year-old Henrietta Schaefer was sweeping the steps of her immigrant parents' ramshackle house on Freed's Alley in Philadelphia's tough Tenderloin district.

A dandy in silk hat and frock coat walked up to the plain-faced girl and asked in a cultured voice, "Does John Schaefer live here?"

The sophisticated stranger was bachelor Walter Garrett, an heir to the great Garrett snuff fortune. He had come to take Henrietta's brother, John, to a meeting of the Diligent Volunteer Fire Company.

To the bored 40-year-old socialite, the humble Henrietta was a breath of fresh air. And, as in the fairy stories, they fell in love at first sight. On September 9, 1872, they were married.

No one dreamed such a misalliance would last. But Walter's love was deep. He gave up his social and business connections. When his two old-maid sisters snubbed the simple Henrietta, he angrily cut all ties with them. The couple led an idyllic existence, even though childless, until Walter's death in 1895. By then, Henrietta's plain features had taken on dignity and many men wanted to marry her. But the grief-stricken widow began withdrawing from life. For 20 years she rarely left the aging mansion on Ninth Street, except for charity work. And, when her brother John died in 1915, she turned into a complete recluse.

She kept the house as it had been when her beloved Walter was alive. She refused to put in electricity or telephones, and became very upset when it was suggested a modern bathtub replace the leaky copper tub. She even insisted that the three servants wear long Victorian dresses and high-buttoned shoes.

The household was run on the most economical budget; and the servants supposed that Henrietta, whose single real contact with the world was a broker named Charles Starr, had lost her money in bad investments.

When Starr, who looked like a paunchy bloodhound, heard that Henrietta was dying, he rushed to her house with his partner, James Phillips. The servants thought Starr had come to pay his respects to their stricken mistress. Instead, he and Phillips scurried about, rifling drawers and closets of every scrap of paper. The documents were kept secret by Starr until seven years later, when he was forced by the servants' testimony to give them to Philadelphia Orphan's Court.

Soon after the funeral, Starr made a strange alliance with Frank Marcellus, a second cousin of Henrietta's. The two requested they be named administrators of the estate. Oddly enough, no one protested and they were duly appointed. Since there was apparently no will, they hired a lawyer, H. Alan Dawson, to track down the heirs.

Dawson found two strong claimants who appeared to be first cousins of Henrietta's: Johann Peter Christian Schafer, an ex-mayor of Bad Nauheim, Germany, and Herman A. Kretschmar (Henrietta's mother was a Kretschmar), an aged

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but gay bachelor from St. Louis who had spent five years in jail as a second-degree murderer. Dawson promptly persuaded both to make him their legal representative.

Broker Starr then produced a letter sent him by Henrietta in 1921, claiming it was actually a will. The letter read: "Give you my estate and belongings which are named in my book per A/C the following amounts. . . ." Henrietta then listed bequests amounting to a measly $62,500. Starr righteously declared the remainder of the $17,000,000 was therefore his.

This brought indignant howls from the other claimants in the legal gold rush. At last, in January, 1937, Case #2552 was formally opened. A letter, clipped to Walter Garrett's will, was read to the court. In it, the prophetic Walter warned Henrietta that everyone would snatch at the money, and advised her to make a will.

It was now believed Henrietta *had* made a real will and the search for the lost document began in earnest. At last, a small safe was found in the gloomy bathroom near the copper tub. All held their breaths as it was opened. What was in it? A few worthless papers, an old pistol and an abdominal belt.

Soon a more sensational discovery was made. Tucked under the eaves was a pair of moldy baby shoes. Scurrilous rumors flew as hundreds claimed to be illegitimate heirs.

Then, a real sensation was unloaded by Mrs. Henrietta Ferguson, daughter of Henrietta's former doctor, who swore she'd witnessed a genuine will made by the old recluse in 1924. Where was this will? Henrietta's personal maid, Carthage Churchville, had spitefully hidden it in Henrietta's coffin.

Since Carthage (what novelist would dare use this name?) had died a year after her mistress, there was only one way to get the answer. Exhume the body!

LET'S LEGALIZE GAMBLING!

A U. S. Congressman tells why we should drop our hypocritical anti-gambling laws, which serve only to make gangsters rich. In November Coronet.

In September, as reporters and officials avidly watched, her coffin was raised and pried open. Inside, clad in funereal Victorian black, was the tiny Henrietta—and nothing more!

Orphans' Court was immediately besieged with thousands of new kinsmen, and lawyers—3,500 of them—reaped a rich harvest.

It was a sad day for thousands of claimants when the Pennsylvania Supreme Court ruled that all those claiming relationship to Henrietta's husband were eliminated.

The claims heard by Orphans' Court ranged from the ridiculous to the obscene. But the most astounding was that of 66-year-old Isaac Newton Schaeffer. He testified that the woman he'd always believed to be his sister, Grace Schaeffer, had recently told him he was actually Henrietta's illegitimate son.

Scandalized, he'd questioned his 84-year-old mother, Mrs. Ellen Schaeffer. She confessed he was indeed Henrietta's son, born out of wedlock just before her marriage to Walter. Ellen, a dear friend of

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Henrietta's, had promised to bring up Isaac as her own child.

Over 30 witnesses backed up this lurid story. Proof in the form of writings in a German Bible, an English Bible and a harness catalog was presented. Ellen was carried into the courtroom to testify, and most everyone believed the old lady who was obviously at death's door.

Just when it appeared that Isaac's claim would be substantiated, a refugee named Alfred Cohn, an expert copyist of German script, revealed that he had recently been paid by Grace to write several names in an old Bible. The Schaeffer claim was exposed as a gigantic hoax.

But equally fantastic attempts to grab the Garrett millions continued. In 1939, the Nazis demanded the fortune on behalf of the venerable Johann Schafer.

Then in 1949 the U. S. Government got into the act, backing up the petition of Johann Schafer, who had recently died, in 1946, at 92. Since Johann had been a German citizen and we were at war with Germany, the fortune, Government lawyers maintained, should be considered "spoils of war."

One sensation followed another. Finally, 23 years after Henrietta's death, the Garrett estate (now grown to $20,000,000) was settled late in 1953. Court examiners, following 17 years of exhaustive research, declared Henrietta had been survived by three first cousins: Howard Kretschmar, a Chicago osteopath (who died at 91); Johann Schafer, the ex-mayor of Bad Nauheim (dead); and Herman Kretschmar, the St. Louis bachelor (scalded to death in a bathtub at 92).

The actual heirs turned out to be: Mrs. Constance Kretschmar Mock of Chicago (Howard's daughter); Wilson Primm Kretschmar of Greenville, Mississippi (Herman's nephew); and the U. S. Government (claiming Johann's legacy as "spoils of war").

The heirs agreed to pay $3,103,125 in claims. The largest of these went to the two administrators. Frank Marcellus was awarded $400,000 and his baggy-eyed friend, Charles Starr, hit the jackpot for $1,015,000. After paying claims and costs, each of the three heirs got about $4,000,000. Ironically, none had ever laid eyes on Henrietta.

Although this sordid mixup is now a closed book—a book of over 500,000 typewritten pages—two $64 questions still remain.

Did Henrietta actually make a will? If so, what happened to it?

Neither has ever been satisfactorily answered. But we *can* be certain of one thing. The little old lady of Ninth Street never dreamed that she'd be the cause of the most bizarre court hassle of all time.

Tearful Cure

A WOMAN'S TEARS are one of the strongest natural antiseptics known to science. Diluted thousands of times they will still kill scores of different kinds of microbes. Tears are thus one of the strongest means of protection against infection.

—ELLY DALE SCHAYNE

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IMPROVE YOUR SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES

A few minutes of simple exercises a day have restored practically normal eyesight to thousands

by Lawrence Galton

DR. WILLIAM H. BATES threw a bombshell into the ophthalmological world 35 years ago with the publication of *Perfect Sight Without Glasses*. It has been exploding in a chain reaction ever since.

Bates meant exactly what the title said—even though it seemed impossible. He was a practicing New York eye specialist who developed a theory which violated about every orthodox idea of how we see, why we lose sight—and what can be done to regain it without reliance upon glasses as the sole corrective.

Bates' ideas were originally dismissed as utter foolishness, and are still being vigorously discussed pro and con. But, according to those who use and have improved upon Bates' techniques, they have brought normal or practically normal sight to scores of thousands of people long considered hopelessly nearsighted or farsighted, or otherwise afflicted and forced to wear glasses the rest of their lives.

After a few months of practicing Bates' theory, a nearsighted woman with 1/10th normal vision, who had worn glasses for most of her life, passed a driver's test with 20/40 vision, wearing no glasses. Two years later, she passed it again with 20/20, or normal, vision.

A farsighted businessman, for whom print was only a blur without the glasses which he had worn for half a dozen years, was able to discard them in less than three months.

Miss Clara A. Hackett, an outstanding teacher, and author of the recently published book, *Relax and See* (written in collaboration with

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Lawrence Galton and published by Harpers—Ed.), has added many techniques to increase the effectiveness of the original Bates methods and founded her own school. She and her trained instructors have helped not only nearsighted, farsighted and crossed-eye people but also more than 400 others with cataract, glaucoma and other eye ailments.

WHAT IS the Bates theory? In essence it is that, contrary to long-held belief, poor sight doesn't cause strain; rather, strain causes poor sight.

According to orthodox theory, you see near and far because the lens of your eye changes shape to focus light rays so they form a sharp image on the retina. If you look at something far away, the lens flattens. If you look at something nearby, it bulges.

Unfortunately, according to this theory, while the lens is remarkably elastic in youth, it gradually hardens with age, becoming less able to bulge and dooming most of us to "middle-aged" sight, or presbyopia. There's only one remedy—glasses to aid the natural lens. They're crutches—useful ones—but nothing more.

Bates, however, came to doubt this; and to doubt, in fact, the whole orthodox theory. For one thing, he had noticed that if a lens were removed surgically, the eye was still capable of some focusing for distances. How could you explain this in terms of the old theory? And how explain that visual capacity changed, even in normal eyes, when a person was ill or working under great tension or upset by emotional problems? He developed an entirely different theory that could explain all this.

If you're using a camera and want to take a close-up picture, you lengthen the distance between lens and film; you do the opposite for a distant shot. So with the eye, Bates held. Accommodation is accomplished by a change in the shape of the whole eyeball, rather than of the lens alone.

Six external muscles hold the eyeball in its socket and some of them also move the eye right, left, up and down, as you direct them. But they have another action, too. One set pulls back on the eyeball to flatten it for viewing distant objects; another lengthens the distance for near sight. If one set of muscles is too contracted, opposing the action of the other set, there's a loss in near or far sight.

What causes the over-contracted state? All muscles are activated by nerve impulses. Frequently, the impulses are set off by emotional stress. A tic is one example; a nervous stomach another.

So, Bates held, stress and strain may cause vision loss. It's actually almost a vicious cycle. When you're nervous and upset, you don't see well. And as you don't see well, you strain to see—peering, squinting, using trick vision. Eventually, you wind up producing your own eye troubles.

The techniques used by Bates and his followers aim at re-establishing

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proper use of these muscles. And the cardinal principle is relaxation: the muscles are strained and clamped; relaxation is used to ease the strain and unclamp them.

You can't exercise them—not consciously—because they're not under conscious control. But once you get the tension out of them, get them fully relaxed, then you can get them working properly by practicing certain principles of good sight. As you practice these, automatically the muscles begin to function properly. No hard work is involved. You see better as you let your eyes see easily.

ALTHOUGH THERE ARE many techniques, here are some of the major ones:

SUNNING: On a sunny day, stand or seat yourself in front of a window and, with your eyes closed, turn your face to the sun. Or seat yourself comfortably in a chair about three feet away from a 10-watt light bulb, facing it with your eyes closed.

Keeping the lids closed, slowly move your head first toward one shoulder and then toward the other. The movement should be gentle and easy, with the neck and whole body relaxed.

Just a few minutes at a time is all that's necessary, and you'll notice a growing feeling of relaxation—in your eyes and, indeed, in your whole body. In addition, you may find that when you open your eyes after sunning, objects about you will appear a little sharper and clearer than they were before.

PALMING: After sunning, seat yourself comfortably in a chair and prop your elbows on a pillow or two held in your lap. Close your eyes and cover them with your cupped hands.

Let the heels of the palms rest lightly on the cheekbones, with the fingers of one hand resting on the forehead above the bridge of the nose and the fingers of the other hand crossed on top. The palms should not touch the eyes, the eyes should be lightly but not tightly closed, and there should be no tensing of fingers or brows.

The darkness coming after the light of sunning, plus the warmth from your hands, will give you a definite feeling that the eyes are relaxing still more.

SWINGING: Stand facing a window, with your feet about 12 inches apart, in an erect, easy posture, your hands hanging loosely at your sides. Gently, easily, swing your body to the left, shifting the weight on the feet so your right heel comes off the floor. Then swing to the right with your left heel rising, at the rate of a slow waltz.

As you swing from side to side, your eyes should follow a steady, eye-level, horizontal path. Don't stare. Blink occasionally, keep relaxed, and you'll soon get an illusion that as you swing in one direction, the room is revolving in the other. This is the basic "Long Swing" devised by Dr. Bates to help relax muscles not only in the eyes but also throughout the body.

MOBILITY DRILLS: If you have a sight loss, the chances are that you have a decided tendency to stare, trying to force yourself to see better. This does more than produce tension; it also adds to the sight loss.

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For, when you fix your eyes on an object and try hard to pull it all into sight, you actually defeat yourself by using less sensitive areas of the retina.

Good sight, Bates instructors teach, is centralized sight, making use of the central sensitive portion of the retina. And it involves mobility. You see best when you try to see only a little at a time, moving quickly from one small portion of an object to other portions, until you've sighted the whole.

Mobility drills aim at re-establishing the habit of making sight mobile and centralized. One, for example, involves merely counting. Look around a room, turning your head and eyes from one picture to another, and count them. In the same way, count books, colors, furniture pieces, glasses on a shelf—it doesn't matter what, as long as you turn your head and eyes in the process in order to set your sight squarely on each object, allowing rays from it to center on the retina. Outdoors, you can count the windows in a building, the letters on a sign, the cars in a block, the people on the street.

ACCOMMODATION DRILLS: These involve practice in shifting vision between near and far to build up your ability to see equally well at all distances.

You can, for example, practice by looking from your wrist watch to a large clock in the distance, from a pencil in your hand to anything across the room. As you ride in a bus, you can look up from a line in a newspaper to a line on a sign in the bus or across the street.

In practicing accommodation you discard your glasses, as you do with all other practice, for short periods at a time. If you are nearsighted, you will not at once see objects clearly at a distance. Similarly, there'll be blurring in nearby ones if you're farsighted.

But gradually, as you continue the practice, you'll note improvement. For you will be viewing objects at bothersome distances in a new way—not just trying hard to see them in old ways.

Eyesight re-education is not, of course, a substitute for medical diagnosis and care. Bates teachers will not diagnose eyesight problems or diseases—and they do not treat them. Even if your problem is seemingly only nearsightedness or farsightedness, many request you to consult a doctor first to make certain no disease is present.

An increasing number of physicians now believe that the methods Bates originated, and the many others developed by teachers like Clara Hackett, help, because a lot of sight is mental—and tension may be a factor in the mind, if not in the muscles.

PHOTO CREDITS: Page 4 left Fritz Henle from Monkmeyer, top right Pan American World Airways, bottom right Nolan Patterson from Black Star; 6 M-G-M; 14, 16 Carl Bakal; 85-100 George Barris Associates; 149-156 Carl Bakal; 158 from Phil Burchman; 161 Larry Barbier from Globe Photos.

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WILDE WORDS

IRISH-BORN OSCAR WILDE was the most brilliant wit of Victorian England. Throughout his career as playwright and poet, he amused and shocked the public with his barbed comments on life:

EVERYONE should keep someone else's diary.

FASHION is what one wears oneself: what is unfashionable is what other people wear.

ANYBODY can make history; only a great man can write it.

I CAN believe anything—provided it is incredible.

AS LONG AS a woman can look ten years younger than her own daughter, she is perfectly satisfied.

IT IS PERFECTLY monstrous the way people go about nowadays saying things against one, behind one's back, that are absolutely and entirely true.

IN AMERICA, the young are always ready to give to those who are older than themselves the full benefits of their inexperience.

MARRIAGE is the one subject on which all women agree and all men disagree.

A MAN CANNOT be too careful in the choice of his enemies.

A MAN can be happy with any woman as long as he does not love her.

A MAN WHO desires to get married should know either everything or nothing.

WE HAVE really everything in common with America nowadays except, of course, language.

NOWADAYS all the married men live like bachelors, and all the bachelors live like married men.

THE ONLY WAY a woman can ever reform a man is by boring him so completely that he loses all possible interest in life.

WOMEN'S STYLES may change but their designs remain the same.

EVEN TODAY women are still meant to be loved, not to be understood.

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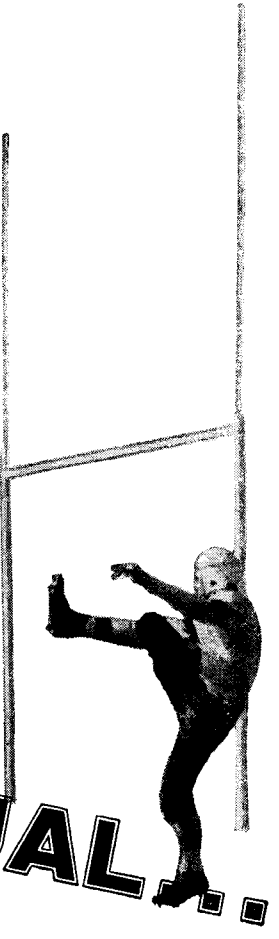

MUTUAL...

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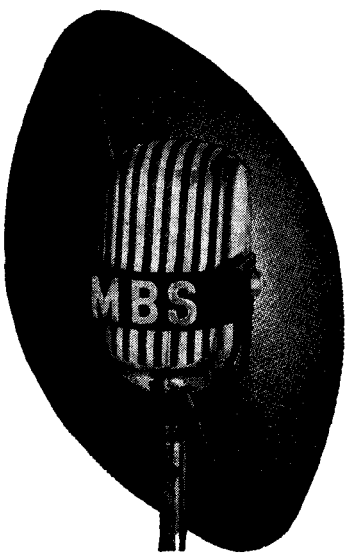
TOP COLLEGE CLASSICS

Saturdays

12 Exciting Games with a Climax—
Army v. Navy!

Sept. 17	California v. Pittsburgh
Sept. 24	Michigan State v. Indiana
Oct. 1	Pittsburgh v. Oklahoma
Oct. 8	Army v. Michigan
Oct. 15	Notre Dame v. Michigan State
Oct. 22	Notre Dame v. Purdue
Oct. 29	Northwestern v. Ohio State
Nov. 5	Notre Dame v. Pennsylvania
Nov. 12	Notre Dame v. North Carolina
Nov. 19	Ohio State v. Michigan
Nov. 26	Florida v. Miami
Nov. 26	Army v. Navy (at Philadelphia)

Note: Second named team in each game (except Army v. Navy) is the home team.



Friday Nights

6 Big Games of the University of Miami!

Sept. 30	Florida State University
Oct. 7	Notre Dame University
Oct. 21	Texas Christian University
Nov. 4	Boston College
Nov. 11	Bucknell University
Nov. 18	University of Alabama

Note: All games originating from Orange Bowl Stadium in Miami.

And Two College All-Star Games on Dec. 3!!

East-West Shrine Game
from Kezar Stadium, San Francisco

Blue-Gray Game
from Crampton Bowl, Montgomery, Ala.

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TOP PRO SCHEDULES

10 Big Battles of the Greatest!

Sept. 24	Philadelphia Eagles v. New York Giants*
Sept. 26	(Special game Monday) Chicago Cardinals v. Pittsburgh Steelers
Oct. 1	Detroit Lions v. Baltimore Colts OR Washington Redskins v. Philadelphia Eagles
Oct. 8	Baltimore Colts v. Green Bay Packers**
Oct. 15	Philadelphia Eagles v. Pittsburgh Steelers
Oct. 21	Open
Oct. 29	Green Bay Packers v. Baltimore Colts
Nov. 5	Baltimore Colts v. Detroit Lions OR Pittsburgh Steelers v. Chicago Cardinals
Nov. 12	Detroit Lions v. Pittsburgh Steelers
Nov. 24	(Thanksgiving) Green Bay Packers v. Detroit Lions

*At Philadelphia **At Milwaukee
Note: Except where indicated, second named team is the home team.

12 Power Struggles of the Detroit Lions!

Sept. 25	Green Bay Packers at Green Bay
Oct. 1	Baltimore Colts at Baltimore
Oct. 9	Los Angeles Rams at Detroit
Oct. 16	San Francisco 49ers at Detroit
Oct. 23	Los Angeles Rams at Los Angeles
Oct. 30	San Francisco 49ers at San Francisco
Nov. 5	Baltimore Colts at Detroit
Nov. 13	Pittsburgh Steelers at Pittsburgh
Nov. 20	Chicago Bears at Detroit
Nov. 24	Green Bay Packers at Detroit
Dec. 4	Chicago Bears at Chicago
Dec. 11	New York Giants at Detroit

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(See local listings for broadcast time.)

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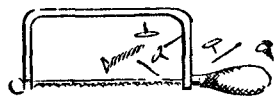
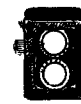
Coronet invites its readers to shop comfortably and profitably in the columns below. Each month you will find here listings of mail order products and services that may be of interest and value to you.





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